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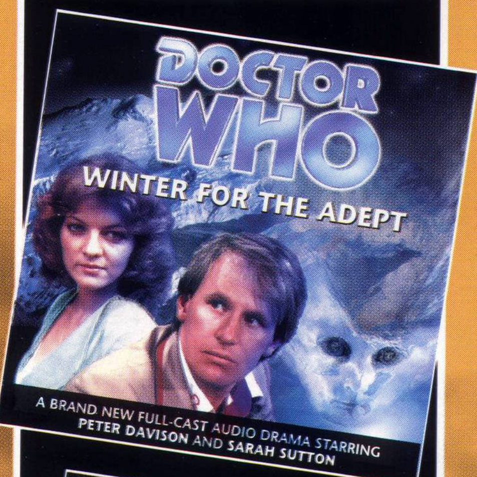
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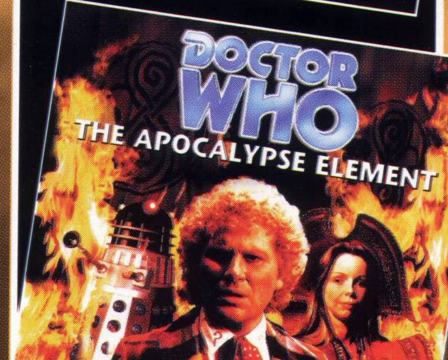
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DWM 295

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FEATURES

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How to make friends and influence people

. . . when you're a curly-headed, scarf-wearing alien from the far-off constellation of Kasterborous! More life lessons drawn from *Doctor Who*: this issue, the Tom Baker years . . .

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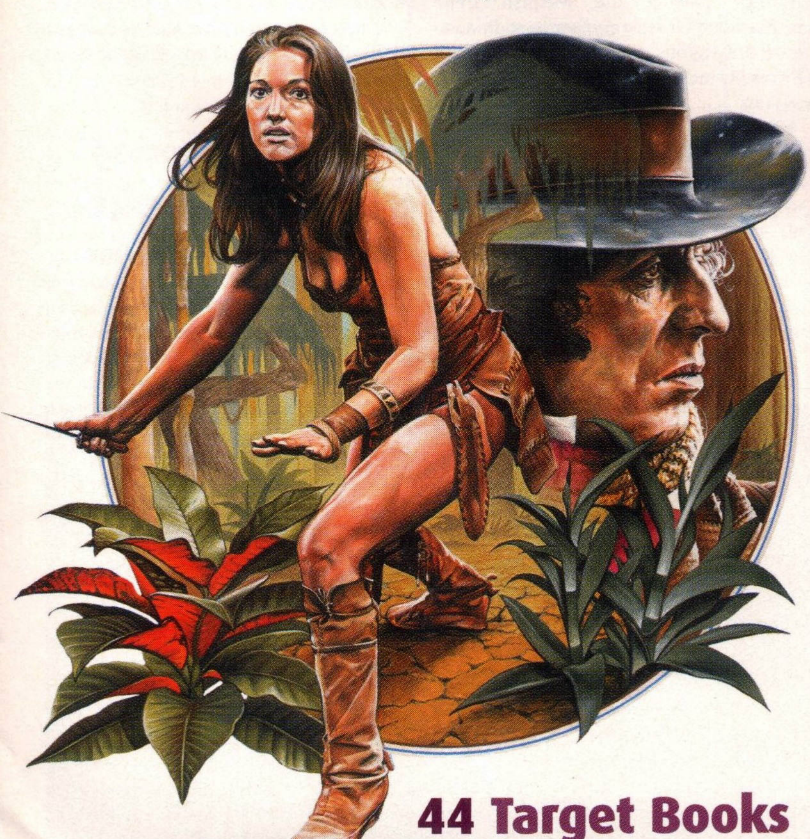
8 Stephen Gallagher

"I could have roasted K9 slowly over an open fire if I'd been that way inclined!" Now also a horror novelist and director, the writer of 1980s serials *Warriors' Gate* and *Terminus* [right] speaks frankly to **DWM**!



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Gallifrey Guardian

Events news

Tickets are still available for the traditionally star-studded Panopticon event, which takes place at the Palace Hotel, Manchester over the weekend of 2 and 3 September. Joining the guest list announced in **DWM** 293 are Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy, Anneke Wills, Frazer Hines, Caroline John and Sophie Aldred plus a horde of talents involved with *The Robots of Death* [pictured], the DVD of which will be launched over the weekend: actors Tom Baker, Louise Jameson, Russell Hunter, David Bailey and David Collings will be in attendance alongside writer Chris Boucher and producer Philip Hinchcliffe. For up-to-the-minute booking information, ring 0956 821 633 or click on: *www.panopticon2000.co.uk*. The usual bunch of **DWM** reprobates will be loitering around all weekend, too – so see you there!

And later in the autumn: presented by Colin Baker, 'The Day of the Daleks', at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool on 11 November, promises to bring together Dalek designer Raymond P Cusick, operators John Scott Martin and Cy Town, voice artiste Roy Skelton and a horde of, er, Daleks. Big Finish's *Dalek Empire* gang will also be in attendance. For further information, visit the website: *www.phoenix50.com/daleks* or send an SAE to: Indelible Promotions, 8a Dovedale Road, Wallasey, Merseyside CH45 0LP.

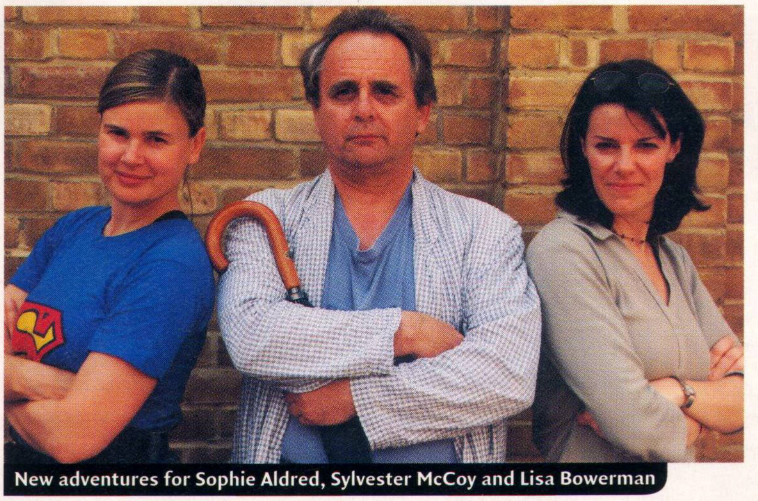
Killing time

Edinburgh Festival attendees can still catch Richard Franklin – aka UNIT's Captain Mike Yates – in *The Killing Stone*, a reading-cum-performance at Venue 195: the Claremont Showcase, East Claremont Street from 2.30 pm on Saturday 26 and Sunday 27 August. Billed as "humorous, action-packed, controversial and informative", *The Killing Stone* promises to reveal all of Yates' post-UNIT exploits. Box office: 0131 556 5662.

Meanwhile, India Fisher – soon to be heard playing new companion Charley in Big Finish's season of Eighth Doctor audio adventures – can also be seen in Edinburgh in the comedy *Fly Me to the Moon*. Performances until 28 August at C Venue 34, Chambers Street. Box office: 0131 225 5105.

Big Finish Productions commission writers for next year's plays

Soap stars cast in new audios



New adventures for Sophie Aldred, Sylvester McCoy and Lisa Bowerman

While Big Finish Productions' 2001 schedule takes shape, stars of soap operas *EastEnders*, *Casualty* and *Home and Away* have been cast in two of this autumn's *Doctor Who* audios.

In Paul Cornell's *The Shadow of the Scourge* – as *The Summoning* has now been retitled – *Home and Away* actor Michael Piccarilli plays Dr Michael Pembroke opposite regulars Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and Lisa Bowerman as Bernice Summerfield, the latter character making her debut in Big Finish's *Doctor Who* line.

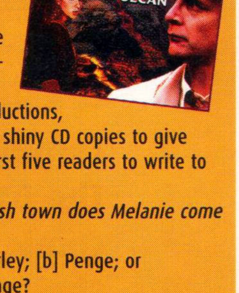
Meanwhile, Robert Shearman's *The Holy Terror* – in which Colin Baker stars alongside *Battlefield* actor Robert Jezek as **DWM** strip companion Frobisher – sees husband-and-wife acting team Peter Guinness and Roberta Taylor join the fray. Playing Childeric, Guinness is a former regular in hospital drama *Casualty*, in which he played stressed-out hospital administrator Elliot Matthews. Other TV appearances include a recurring role in *Spender*; film work has seen him playing alongside Paul McGann in *Alien 3*. Taylor, playing Berengaria, is soon to leave *EastEnders*, in which she's been playing the waspish Irene Raymond for several years. In addition to a prestigious theatre career, her TV credits include *Inspector Morse*. The other main guest star for *The Holy Terror*, directed by *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor*'s Nicholas Pegg, is Sam Kelly as Tacitus. Kelly is best known for his comedy roles, playing Bunny Warren in *Porridge* and Captain Hans Geering in *'Allo 'Allo!*. More recent work with the Royal National Theatre includes *War and Peace*.

Big Finish is now planning out its 2001 roster beyond the four Season 27 plays starring Paul McGann to be released between January and April. The May slot is taken by Jonathan Morris' *Bloodtide*, followed one month later by Marc Platt's *Loups-Garoux* – the new title for which, replacing the provisional *The Werelings*, is the French for 'werewolves'. *Dalek Empire I*, the first of four long-anticipated Dalek-only sagas, also appears in June, with a second play following one month later.

July's *Doctor Who* release proper will be an as-yet-untitled Seventh Doctor and Ace tale by *The Genocide Machine* author Mike Tucker. August sees massively popular Virgin *Missing Adventures* author Gareth Roberts take time out from his scripting duties on the second series of BBC1's *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)* to make his Big Finish debut with a Sixth Doctor and Mel tale co-authored with Clayton Hickman. Other writers competing for the remaining 2001 slots include *The Fires of Vulcan*'s Steve Lyons with most likely another historical tale, *Minuet in Hell* co-author Alan W Lear and the fresh writing team of Cavan Scott and Mark Wright.

Win an eruption!

Scream! Melanie Bush – aka actress Bonnie Langford – makes her long-awaited return to the *Doctor Who* fold in *The Fires of Vulcan*, a Seventh Doctor audio adventure set at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius. It's due for release in September – and, thanks to Big Finish Productions, we've got five shiny CD copies to give away to the first five readers to write to tell us:



Which English town does Melanie come from?

Is it: [a] Purley; [b] Penge; or [c] Pease Pottage?

If you don't know the form by now, let's have your answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked I'M AS HONEST, TRUTHFUL AND BORING AS THEY COME to the editorial address by 20 September, please . . .

Eighth Doctor returns to Earth next spring

A sting in the tale for BBC Books

May 2001's BBC Books Eighth Doctor novel has been announced as the intriguingly-titled *Eater of Wasps* by *The Janus Conjunction*/*Coldheart* author Trevor Baxendale.

Returning to Earth for the first time since February's *Escape Velocity*, *Eater of Wasps* sees the TARDIS land in a traditional English country village setting where strange things – involving a temporal hit squad, a strange artefact and, er, wasp consumption – are afoot . . .

Contrary to recent reports in other magazines, BBC Books has no current plans to publish a novel by former **DWM** writer Grant Morrison, latterly the author of a number of hugely eclectic American comic books including *Doom Patrol*, *Animal Man*, *The Invisibles* and *JLA*.

Previously announced as *The Gardens of Rocosia*, Nick Walters' Fifth Doctor book for next year has undergone a change of title, to *Superior Beings*.

● New charity collection

In a move that will doubtless disappoint fiction fans, BBC Books has scrapped plans for a fourth volume of its popular *Short Trips* anthologies next Spring. However . . . February 2001 sees the release of the charity-fundraising *Missing Pieces*, a collection of *Doctor Who* short stories edited by fans Mark Phippen and Shaun Lyon to raise money for both the Foundation for the Study of Infant Death and the Downs' Syndrome Association. Peter Davison is writing an introduction, with both Colin Baker and Zoe actress Wendy Padbury contributing text stories alongside many established *Doctor Who* authors including Peter Anghelides, Jonathan Blum, Stephen Cole, Paul Cornell, Andy Lane, Paul Leonard, Paul Magrs, David A McIntee, Kate Orman, Lance Parkin, John Peel, Gary Russell, Dave Stone, Mike Tucker and Nick Walters. Further details and updates at: *http://gallifreyone.com*

Prank caller makes a big impression as the Fourth Doctor

'Tom, is that you?'

A One-2-One with the Doctor?

Over the last few months, listeners to BBC Radio 4 have been able to eavesdrop on a number of bizarre telephone conversations made – apparently – by the fruity-voiced Fourth Doctor. Peter Ware explains all . . .

'The Doctor' has been busily engaged on the line of late. Kwik-Fit fitters have been asked to supply spark plugs for Davros. The Ministry of Defence has been warned about a possible Dalek invasion. Home shopping channel QVC has been asked if they stock a 'Quantum Velocity Centrascope' ("If I don't get [one], I shall be unable to stabilize the dematerialisation circuit of the TARDIS and Sutekh shall break free from his ancient bonds on Mars and destroy the world!"). Even an actor named Sylvester McCoy has been taken in by his 'former self'!

It sounds silly, but it's true! Admittedly, the calls weren't *really* made by the Doctor. He's a fictional character, apparently – although not every victim of these hoax calls seemed to realise that. In fact, 'the Doctor', in the style of the Tom Baker model, was brilliantly recreated by a talented impressionist for Radio 4's satirical sketch show *Dead Ringers*, broadcast early on Friday evenings with a Saturday lunchtime repeat.

The sketches have obviously been written with affection by someone with more than a passing knowledge of the series. For those who missed the shows, here's a selection of Tom-tastic tidbits . . .

- **The Doctor calls for a taxi**

The Doctor I need to go to the planet Florana. Do you know how long it would take to get there?

Taxi supervisor I don't know, because I don't know where you are.

The Doctor Florana is a very beautiful place – it neighbours Inter Minor on the far reaches of the Acteon Galaxy. Surely you have a driver who can take me there?

Taxi supervisor Where are you? What's your address now?

The Doctor I'm on my home planet of Gallifrey.

Taxi supervisor Unfortunately I haven't got any drivers situated there at the moment.

The Doctor No drivers in the constellation of Kasterberous? Surely you must have some! How long do you think before a driver might be available?

Taxi supervisor Maybe about 45 minutes.

The Doctor So how much for this journey, my dear?

Taxi supervisor That would be about £8.50.

- **The Doctor needs a locksmith, urgently, to enter the TARDIS**

The Doctor My TARDIS' lock is isomorphic, it responds only to my metabolic imprint. If you do not get here soon, the Master will open the Eye of Harmony inside the TARDIS.

Locksmith A week next Tuesday?

The Doctor If you do not arrive here very soon, I will not be able to get back to to the planet Skaro precisely ten minutes before the creation of the Daleks and the universe as you know it will cease to exist.

Locksmith Oh, that's OK then.

The Doctor How much for that, then – 90 quid?

Locksmith Plus VAT.

The Doctor Sorted!

- **The Doctor phones actor Sylvester McCoy at home**

Sylvester McCoy Hello?

The Doctor Are you known on Earth by the name Sylvester McCoy, hm?

Sylvester [laughs] Yes, I am!

The Doctor Then it is you, it is you – you are the Doctor.

Sylvester And so are you. Tom, is that you?

The Doctor No, no, no, no – I too am the Doctor. You are my future self.

Sylvester Yes.

The Doctor Are you with me?

Sylvester Er, yes, all the way! [. . .]

The Doctor I am in a situation of extreme peril. I have had to leave my time stream, go forward into the future, join you in your time stream and have you help me.

Sylvester Have you been in the pub?

The Doctor For several millennia!

Sylvester So I believe! [. . .]

The Doctor Doctor, in your regeneration, who did you travel through space and time with?

Sylvester Bonnie Langford.

The Doctor Oh really? She was nice. And Ace as well!

Sylvester Sophie – Sophie Aldred!

The Doctor Oh yes, she was well fit. In my era, I had Leela and Romana.

Sylvester Well I fancied them, too.

The Doctor They were tottymungous, weren't they?

Sylvester [laughs] Yes, they were lovely!

The Doctor They were wonderful. Anyway, listen, I must go – I'm just watching the football, the Universe Cup. Time Lords versus Jedi – we're three-nil up at half-time. Wonderful to talk to you, Doctor – it's been very nice to meet me.

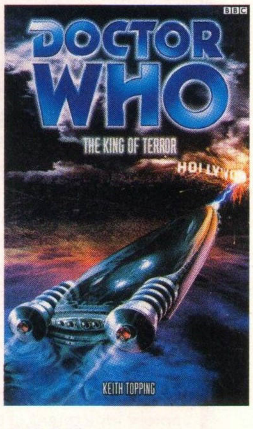
Sylvester [utterly bemused] Yes, and me . . .

Collectors' Heaven

September **Video** **Doctor Who: An Unearthly Child** [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Fires of Vulcan** by Steve Lyons [Seventh Doctor & Mel] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Casualties of War** by Steve Emmerson [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Festival of Death** by Jonathan Morris [Fourth Doctor, Second Romana & K9] *BBC Books* **Non-fiction** **Doctor Who: Regeneration** by Philip Segal with Gary Russell *HarperCollins* £17.99

October **DVD** **Doctor Who: The Robots of Death** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Shadow of the Scourge** by Paul Cornell [Seventh Doctor, Ace & Bernice] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Turing Test** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Independence Day** by Peter Darvill-Evans [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books*

November **Video boxed set** **Doctor Who: The Tenth Planet/Attack of the Cybermen** [First Doctor, Ben & Polly/Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Video* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Holy Terror** by Robert Shearman [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Endgame** by Terrance Dicks [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: The King of Terror** by Keith Topping [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] *BBC Books*



December **DVD** **Doctor Who: Spearhead From Space** [Third Doctor & Liz] *BBC Worldwide* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: The Mutant Phase** by Nick Briggs [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] *Big Finish*

January 2001 **DVD** **Doctor Who: Remembrance of the Daleks** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Worldwide* **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Storm Warning** by Alan Barnes [Eighth Doctor] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Father Time** by Lance Parkin [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: The Quantum Archangel** by Craig Hinton [Sixth Doctor & Mel] *BBC Books*

February **Audio drama** **Doctor Who: Sword of Orion** by Nicholas Briggs [Eighth Doctor] *Big Finish* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Escape Velocity** by Colin Brake [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* **Novel** **Doctor Who: Psience Fiction** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books*

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Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

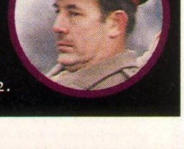
Compiled by Dominic May

Television Nice to see you: **Colin Baker** appeared in costume as the Doctor on 21 July to judge a *Doctor Who* piece for *The Generation Game*, due to be broadcast as part of BBC1's autumn season. The two teams had to value a number of *Doctor Who* props. **Jean Marsh** will be among celebrity guests talking about their religious beliefs and experiences in ITV's fourth series of *My Favourite Hymns*. **Sophie Aldred** has been busy providing voice work for a number of television projects: she plays tomboy Biff and a character named Wilf for BBC Education's *The Magic Key Adventures*; she is also Little Juan, a Mexican gerbil, in *El Nombre*, which will air as part of CBBC's *Number Time*; and finally she reprises her role as Minnie the Mini Magician for ITV's *Zzzap!* in the autumn.

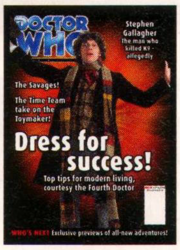
Stage **Bonnie Langford** is in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Nottingham Theatre Royal over Christmas.

Radio **Tom Baker** is a contributor to Radio 4's travel programme *Excess Baggage* on Saturdays. **Sophie Aldred** has also been exercising her voice skills on radio in the four-part Radio 4 comedy *Ectoplasm*, co-written by Dan Freedman, producer of the forthcoming pilot *Doctor Who: Death Comes to Time*.

Miscellaneous **Paul McGann** continues be a reluctant star, telling the *Radio Times*: "I'll never do a chat show. I wouldn't know what to say, how to behave. I'd be embarrassing, horrible, and just die. I'm not a celebrity and don't want to be."



Obituary **John Abineri**, who was Van Lutyens in *Fury From the Deep*, General Carrington in *The Ambassadors of Death*, Captain Richard Railton in *Death to the Daleks* and Ranquin in *The Power of Kroll*, died on 29 June aged 72.


DOCTOR WHO
Stephen Gallagher The man who killed K9 – allegedly
The Savages!
The Time Team take on the Toymaker!
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Top tips for modern living, courtesy the Fourth Doctor
WHO'S NEXT Exclusive previews of all-new adventures!

Has any phrase been so overused in *Doctor Who* writing as 'the general public'? You know what I mean: we've all read sentences like, '*Warriors of the Deep* may have been a feast for the hardened fan, but it displayed a terrible contempt for *the general public*' or, 'Whenever *Doctor Who* returns to television, first and foremost it has to be tailored to the needs of *the general public*' so often and for so long that those three wretched words have long since ceased to actually *mean* anything.

So who exactly are they, *the general public*? Why do we care so much what *the general public* think? And why is it that we fans have by implication declared ourselves a separate entity from the vast body that is *the general public* – a rogue, maverick state, perhaps, or a straggly bunch of crazed survivalists who've taken to the hills to await the second coming of the TV show, our only comforts a third-generation copy of *Genesis (of the Daleks)* and a battered *(TimeWyrm:) Revelation*?

Not long ago, a friend (a fan, not a Norm) proposed the theory that a member of *the general public* wouldn't be able to see any substantial difference between, say, *The Caves of Androzani* and *The Twin Dilemma*; yer average punter, he supposed, would either like or dislike both, but would be unlikely to vastly prefer one over the other. Now, to a dyed-in-the-wool *Doctor Who* fan, such an assertion sounds entirely ridiculous. But when I'd stopped laughing at him, I started to wonder if maybe he had a point. I mean, for all the energy *we* expend on lauding *Assassins* and *Remembrances*, we can still be found surreptitiously sliding *Horns of Nimons* and *Silver Nemeses* into the VCR. So does that sound and fury really signify nothing? If only *x* many *Doctor Who* stories are 'classics', why is it we still revel in the *y* number of stories we recognise as duffers? After all this time, can't we tell the difference?

Why is it we Doctor Who fans care so much what 'the general public' think?

Do you know, I don't think we can. Yes, we've got lots of arbitrary terms which we use to distinguish *Doctor Who* stories from one another – things like 'Gothic' and 'camp' and 'blackly humorous' and 'pantomime'. And when a member of *the general public* asks us why we bother watching that load of old toot, we mutter things like 'subtext' and 'surprisingly deep' and, 'What!?! *The Mutants* is actually a very potent indictment of the apartheid system. *Actually*.' When what we *ought* to be saying is, "I watch *Doctor Who* because I **like** *Doctor Who*. All of it. Even the ones with glittery tinsel effects. Even the ones with no intellectual weight whatsoever. Even the one with Ken Dodd in."

Although there's nothing inherently wrong with mulling over individual episodes, rolling them round your senses like fine wines, it's worth remembering that one Burgundy claret tastes much like another to the untrained palate – you either like a drop of red or you don't. That's why we're basically the same as *the general public*; the only real difference is, *the general public* don't feel the need to account for their like or dislike of *Doctor Who* – or any other TV programme, come to that, be it *Big Brother*, *Badger* or *BallyK*.

We, on the other hand, live in mortal fear of being caught by a non-believer in front of *Time and the Rani*, and having to justify the fact that we've been found wearing a big, happy, stupid smile.

Caught like I was, yesterday, by my other half.

A member of *the general public*.

Alan

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Timelines

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"That Vanessa Bishop likened you to Orville the Duck? Brave heart, Tegan . . ."

AIR RAGE!

Not since the great *Battlefield* barney of two years back has a video review caused such controversy. *Shelf Life* called *Time-Flight* "painful viewing which shakes the faith". And *you* said . . .

I have never read such a destructive and demeaning piece of text in your magazine as I did in issue 293's review of *Time-Flight*.

After waiting patiently for this release for four years, I was delighted to hear it was eventually going on sale in the summer. Bearing this in mind I would have expected your magazine to be a little more positive and enthusiastic about its arrival.

[Reviewer] Vanessa Bishop's obvious hatred of the Davison era is a disgrace to your magazine. Her opinions are the very rock bottom and do nothing to encourage new fans to discover the era of the Fifth Doctor.

The story may have suffered because of its budget, but so what? It still included Peter Davison and Anthony Ainley who are always brilliant in their roles and I do think the script is a good one. I would rather watch the supposedly terrible *Time-Flight* than *her* favourite story, the childish *Revelation of the Daleks* – which contains lines such as, "Are you picking your nose?" and a ridiculous disc jockey. Two-and-a-half million more viewers chose to watch the former in the 1980s, as well . . .

David Weston
Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs

I want to review *Time-Flight* again, and I'll do it as a five year-old circa 1982:

'Gosh! Concorde in *Doctor Who*. The Doctor's gone back to the time of the dinosaurs – wonder if we'll see any? I like the aeroplane crew, they're all running round like the Famous Five. Kalid, he's funny, with his funny voice . . . Plasmatons! Even funnier. Kalid is the Master? I'd never have guessed – now I'm scared . . .'

Am I making my point? If you don't like *Doctor Who*, don't talk about it. If you do like *Doctor Who*, you should praise it. Whether it's pantomime like *Time-Flight*, drama like *The Caves of Androzani*, horror like *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, comedy like *The Pirate Planet* – you should enjoy it. Or save your money and your opinions to yourself.

Patrick Kenny
Southampton, Hants

Other of this month's correspondents linked the review to letters in that same issue's *Timelines*, in which readers Jamie Read and Paul Bowler railed against fandom's apparent tendency to mock aspects of *Doctor Who*, plus its inability to present a "united front" – unlike fans devoted to other popular SF shows . . .

POSITIVELY NEGATIVE

I've just finished looking over issue 293 and I am left wondering whether you are trying to promote *Doctor Who*, or trying to assign it to the scrapheap?

If issue 293 was the first time I had read the magazine, there are several comments printed that might have put me off *Doctor Who*. Examples include such things as the latest video release being "terrible television", "tedious", "painful viewing" . . .

I have always looked forward to **DWM** and enjoy reading positive articles about one of my favourite programmes. I don't think anyone minds poking a bit of fun at the odd wobbling set, but when criticism of the very show your magazine is about becomes so harsh and lacking in humour, I wonder if you are actually doing more harm than good.

Matthew Launchbury
Witham, Essex

Dave Hover of Ashford, Kent would probably agree. "I love *Doctor Who*," he says. "I know for a fact most of you out there do too. So why do we have to yell at each other and mock our love? Can't we get along? I cannot help feeling that were we more unified and constructive in our fandom, the BBC would be more inclined to make more *Doctor Who*!"

Hm. On the other hand . . .

Recent fan comments about flipping through fan magazines for American science fiction are a little disturbing. The comment that magazines for *Star Trek*, *Buffy* and *The X Files* adopt a tone of reverence, almost celebration, seems to miss the point, in a way.

Yes, Whovians attack the show sometimes because they love it. And yes, that's ironic. But my feeling is that magazines based on American TV shows simply don't acknowledge criticism. I've seen entire pages of letters to the editor (in those other magazines) where every letter is gushing with blind praise about a recent film. I'm glad to be able to pick up **Doctor Who Magazine** and find honest criticism . . .

Alex Boyd
via e-mail

Stuart John Webb of Kidderminster, Worcs added: "Fans of other shows are just as divided as us. *Star Trek* fans slag off *Voyager* and *Star Wars* followers give *The Phantom Menace* a critical mauling because it's not as good as the first films they saw when they were children. The only reason this lack of unity doesn't come across in other magazines is because comments like, say, 'The majority of fandom really hated the Ewoks' would probably be censored by Lucasfilm . . . The parameters of what can and can't be said are much more lenient in **DWM**, which makes it the best 'official' magazine – it means we get honest reviews of rubbish like *Time-Flight* and a good overview of what's happening in fandom, and long may it continue!"

ON THE CASTING COUCH

Time to change the subject – to the results relayed in *Hollywood . . . or bust!*, **DWM** 293's round-up of the star names fans would most like to see as the next film and/or TV Doctors. To recap: Paul McGann won both categories, with Hugh Grant and Ian Richardson the runners-up in each . . .

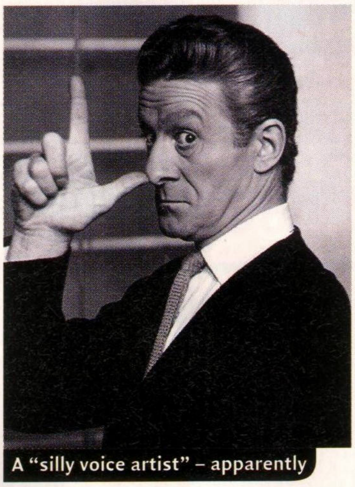
After ten years of wanting Ian Richardson to be the new Doctor, I am delighted that everyone else has jumped on the bandwagon. Could you get Paul Cornell to finish the piece you printed? That could get the series back all on its own.

On a more serious note, it is unfortunate that only white actors made it into either top ten. If I had been able to choose my top ten choices, Bert Kwouk, Art Malik and Paterson Joseph (from *Neverwhere*) would all have featured prominently. I also think it slightly absurd that with the whole universe to choose from, every TV companion has been white. Maybe fans and producers need to buck their ideas up . . .

I do have some prejudices, though. Please, not Denzel Washington – he's an American!

Alison Jacobs
Lincoln

Richard E Grant! Rowan Atkinson!! Alan bloody Davies!!! The only thing revealing about this survey is the paucity of fandom's imagination.



A "silly voice artist" – apparently

It takes more than a frock coat and eccentricity to handle this most subtle of roles. Fans should stop looking at the most obvious. Who would have thought that the Sergeant in *The Army Game*, the silly voice artist on *The Navy Lark* and the villain in a Sinbad film would have made great Doctors? But they did.

As far as I'm concerned, the only actor who should be seriously considered served out his apprenticeship in the excellent *How Do You Want Me?* The Irish actor and comedian Dylan Moran combines a sardonic wit with a sort of naive charm, and is both funnier and a better actor than Alan Davies . . .

Nick Higgins
Leicester

I wish I could understand the **DWM** readers who voted for Paul McGann. Not that it wasn't predictable; in fact it's no less a foregone and unimaginative a conclusion as Sylvester McCoy winning similar polls of the early 1990s. The stats are pretty shocking though. 73% of respondents show no interest in having McGann return as the Doctor . . .

What the other 27% fail to appreciate is just how unlikely it is that McGann will ever play the Doctor again outside of the Big Finish studios. Whatever form a revival of *Doctor Who* would take, its producers would have to be commercially insane to want to cast an actor associated with an earlier, failed, revival. Who wants that shadow cast over them?

Bring McGann back if you will, but be prepared for a radically different Doctor if you want *Doctor Who* to be a success again. If Richard E Grant were cast for real he wouldn't be expected to play a Comic Relief Doctor, and Paul McGann should be no different. The TV Movie Doctor is not and never has been the current model, and it's time he was put away with Peter Cushing, Trevor Martin and other well-loved footnotes . . .

Daniel O'Mahony
via e-mail

TARGET PRACTITIONER

And finally: a happy man. At last!

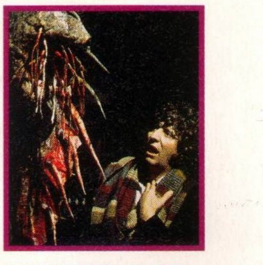
Might I pick up please on the appreciative letters of both Leigh Hunt and Antony Tomlinson in **DWM** 293?

I don't know whether others of my one-time colleagues at Universal-Tandem plan to write to you, but if not they would surely let me represent their thanks, along with my own, to the editor and especially to David Howe for his meticulously-researched and splendidly-written articles tracing the history of the *Doctor Who* publishing programme. Though not perhaps in the same league as a series called . . . er, what is it? Something to do with a youngster called Potter? – this is nevertheless a publishing story that I feel to be worth the telling.

The initial broadspread of the second article [*Swallowed whole*, **DWM** 293] was striking in the extreme. It hadn't occurred to me until now that nothing symbolises the rapacious greed fuelling the corporate takeover so vividly than the slavering maw of a dinosaur. Sales director Brian Miles' reported feelings about the Howard & Wyndham acquisition of Universal-Tandem were particularly poignant. Liz Godfray's becoming modesty concerning her own contribution to the Target programme is characteristic of the lady and, of course, unjustified. What would Michael Glover and I have done without her to back us up, "funny hat" and all?

I thought I'd been privileged enough to have eight unique and fulfilling years with Scholastic Publications, but the heaven-sent opportunity of starting the Target list was the icing on the cake – and the *Doctor Who* books programme, of course, the succulent cherry in its middle!

Richard Henwood
Founding editor, Target Books



THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS . . .

It's been quite a while since we last heard from the ever-more ridiculous **Anthony K McKail** of Ashby de la Zouch. It turns out he and a few like-minded chums have recently turned their hands to devising titles for as-yet-unmade Doctor Who sequels – to 'wit':

The Three Doctors: Three Doctors and a Baby
Image of the Fendahl: The Actual Fendahl
Warriors' Gate: Warriors' Front Door
Vengeance on Varos: Reconciliation on Varos
Ghost Light: Full-Fat Ghost
Survival: Death

And some prequels:

The Reign of Terror: The Cloud of Fear
Day of the Daleks: The Day Before the Day of the Daleks
The Trial of a Time Lord Part 12a: The Penultimate Foe

But by far and away the worst are the suggested follow-ups to the 1965 Rills-versus-Drahvins classic *Galaxy 4*:

Galaxy 5: A View to a Rill
Galaxy 6: Notting Rill
Galaxy 7: The Big Rill
Galaxy 8: The Rills Are Alive (With the Sound of Music)

Pa-thetic. Your call, readers . . .

In space no-one can hear you scream

He fused hardline science fiction and continental fantasy to pen "the *2001* of *Doctor Who*" – but still thinks the show never managed to recapture the sinister, threatening, *Alien*-like ambience of the Hartnell years. Benjamin Cook meets writer Stephen Gallagher.

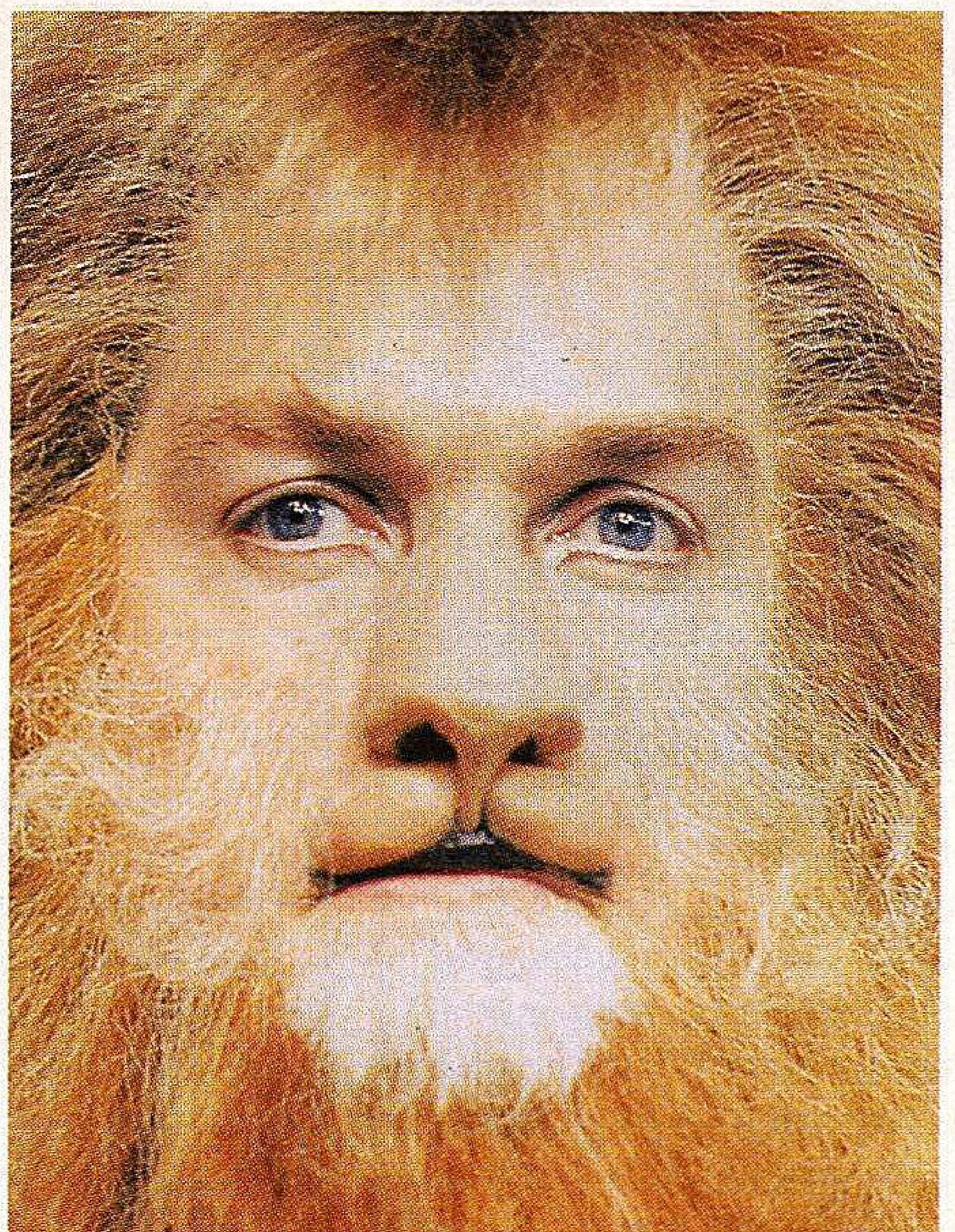
Stephen Gallagher's talent for writing emerged at a very early age. "I think my teachers spotted it before anyone else did," he recalls. "In primary school, when all the other kids had to write an essay each week, the headmaster allowed me to write one long continuing story because that was all I ever really wanted to do. I was given a special exercise book and each week I'd return to it to write another instalment." Already practising to be a *Doctor Who* scriptwriter, then? "Oh, no. Writing as a career was something which one didn't dare hope for. I just enjoyed telling stories, although I did imagine that maybe one day I'd work in films or television."

'I felt hurt by the way my script had gone through the grinder – but what the hell, it had to!'

After graduating from Hull University, Stephen moved to London to seek his fortune. "I got myself as many interviews as I could with film and television companies. I never used to ask them for a job – I'd just tell them I wanted an insight into the way the industry worked – but I'd come away from each interview with three or four useful contacts. I was told that the two things you need to succeed in the business are persistence and talent – but whilst I know a lot of people who get by without any traces of the latter, I've never met anybody who succeeds without sheer persistence."

Stephen's persistence paid off. He got a researcher's job with Yorkshire Television, moving to Granada's Presentation Department in 1975. "It was then that I started writing professionally. My first sale was to Manchester's Piccadilly Radio for a drama serial called *The Last Rose of Summer*. I got paid a pittance for it, but it was a huge learning experience for me. It also led to some more radio work, including a 90-minute science fiction drama for Radio Four – produced by Martin Jenkins – called *An Alternative to Suicide*. That was tremendous fun to do because the medium of radio is such that 'visually' you can achieve almost anything, yet your average domestic drama really only contains conversations, footsteps, motorcars and doors opening and closing. *An Alternative to Suicide* required us to crash spaceships and blow things up on air and it really did stretch the imagination.

"Anyway, unbeknownst to me, Martin sent a copy of the script to the *Doctor Who* production office. I am eternally grateful to him for doing so because the next thing I knew was that I was getting a call from [script editor] Christopher Bidmead asking if I'd be interested in writing for *Doctor Who*. So I suggested several possible storylines and was asked to turn one called *Dream Time* into a treatment – which is a more extensive outline demonstrating exactly how the story would work on screen. I was then commissioned to turn this into a full script, which was eventually renamed *Warriors' Gate*."



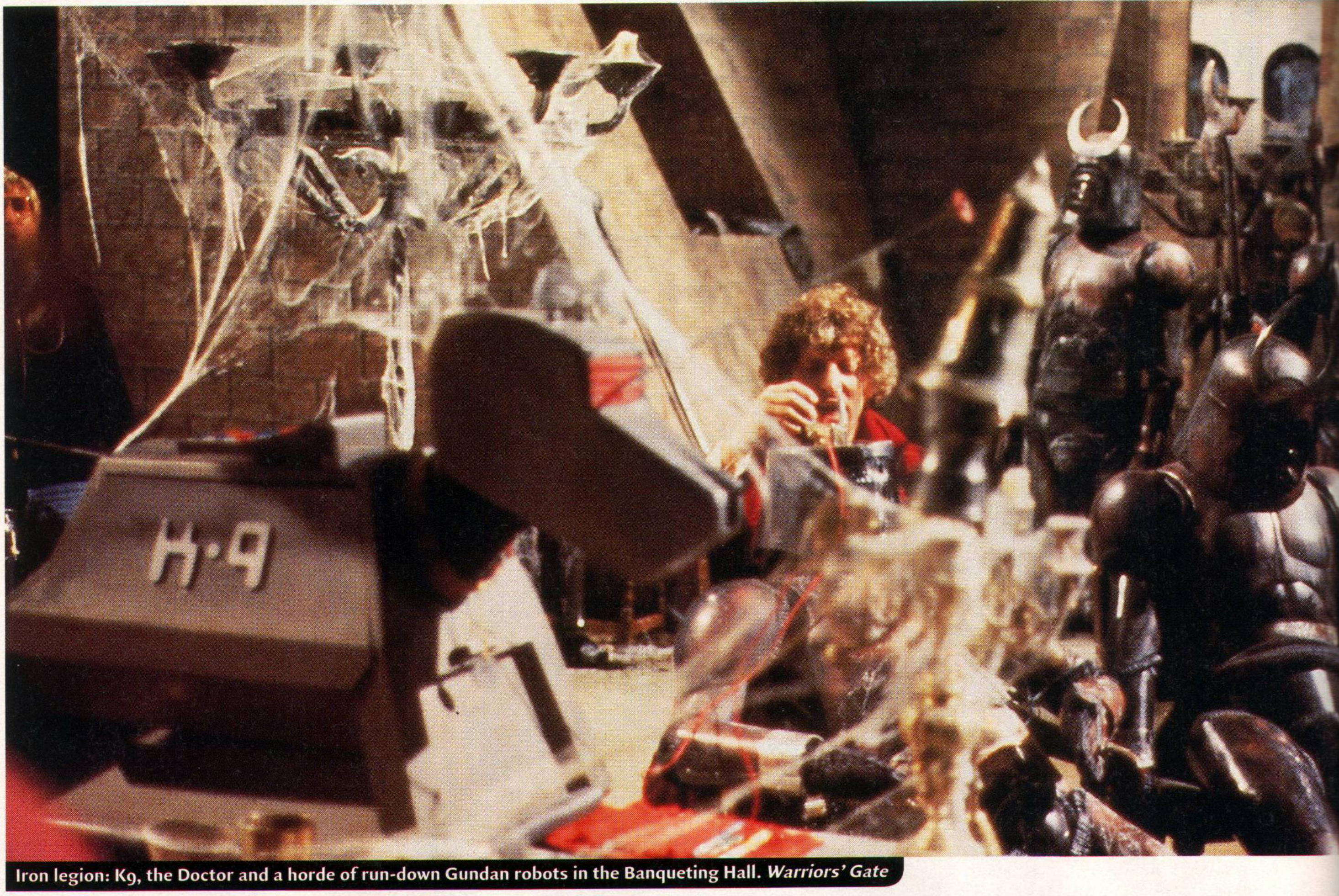
The lion king? Biroc in *Warriors' Gate*

Photos: BBC [4] BBC Video [3]

Stephen admits to having been quite a fan of the BBC series. "I was one of the original generation of *Doctor Who* fans," he reveals, "although I actually missed some of the very first episodes. You see, we were lucky enough to own a television set, but unlucky enough for it to be an incredibly unreliable one. So I had absolutely no idea of what a Dalek looked like until the kids in the playground started talking in monotone and walking around with their arms stuck out in front of them! But once I did get to see *Doctor Who*, I was completely captivated by it and happily conformed to the cliché of hiding behind the sofa from the frisson of delicious dread and anticipation which the show gave off." This sort of emotional thrill, he believes, the series "never really managed to recapture. The early *Doctor Whos* were sinister and slightly threatening and far closer to the spirit of science fiction horror films such as *Alien*."

Was *Warriors' Gate* in any way influenced by previous *Doctor Who* serials? "Not tremendously, I've got to say. I'd stopped watching *Doctor Who* during my teens and when I wrote *Warriors' Gate* I was in my early twenties. My biggest influence was, in fact, [French film-maker] Jean Cocteau and *La Belle et la Bête*. This formed the general style of the piece and the look of the Tharils in particular. I was also influenced by the various novels that I was reading at the time: Joe Haldeman's *The Forever War* and Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man*, for example. Bester offers such amazing glimpses of the future – you almost don't need any other science fiction in your life once you've read *Tiger! Tiger!* and *The Demolished Man*. I drew from both Haldeman and Bester in writing *Warriors' Gate*, although most of the story ideas came from whatever was going on in my fevered brain at the time. The wonderful thing about writing for *Doctor Who* was that, because everyone was familiar with the basic concept, I didn't need to waste time introducing characters and situations and so was able to inject fresh new ideas into an old familiar format."

He did, however, lack screenwriting experience. "It was almost as if I knew too much and not enough. I had, by this time, a couple of novels in print and a well-developed background in radio, so I knew too much about writing to realise how little I knew about television. The script that I submitted was a great piece of writing in itself, but in terms of a production document it was far too complicated. I didn't need to include elaborate explanations of minor story details – all a director wants to know is how big it is, whether it's blue, how many scenes it's in and how much it will cost! So I was made to edit my script down further and further and this caused some considerable contention. Eventually, the director [Paul Joyce] and Chris [Bidmead] got together and did a final cut-down of the material to a bare-bones version that would translate into a



Iron legion: K9, the Doctor and a horde of run-down Gundan robots in the Banqueting Hall. ***Warriors' Gate***

shooting script. In places, they did things that I would never have done and I took some umbrage at that. I took it as a personal judgement on what I had written and actually became quite depressed.

"Then recently, I read an interview with the director and was somewhat surprised to find him laying claim to a multitude of elements which he had absolutely nothing to do with! I'd decided, for example, that the alternative reality into which the Doctor enters should be a black-and-white photograph of a row of castles and stately homes, into which he's matted in colour. This was all specified in my original treatment – a treatment that was written, dated and filed at the BBC over six months before the director got involved. Yet still he seems to think that they were all his ideas, but I know exactly where he got his ideas from – my script! I mean, come on! I've still got all the dated memos, story outlines and original drafts to prove it."

I'm getting the impression that Paul Joyce isn't one of Stephen's favourite people. "Well . . . to be fair, he was a reasonably inexperienced director who was thrown in at the deep end. Joyce's talents lay in still photography and documentary making, whereas *Doctor Who* involved a tremendous amount of television being knocked out in a tremendously short amount of time. Joyce simply wasn't *Doctor Who* material. *Warriors' Gate* didn't ruin his life, nor did it destroy his career; *Doctor Who* was a baptism of fire for all of us. Both he and Chris were very friendly, likeable blokes and I enjoyed the time that I spent working with them, so it's a matter of some regret to me that I groused so much in the years immediately following *Warriors' Gate*. I felt hurt by the way that my script had gone through the grinder – but, hey, what the hell. It had to . . . I've grown to accept that changes needed to be made and that what appeared on screen did actually achieve what I had set out to do."

Once *Warriors' Gate* entered into production, Stephen's input was minimal. He was, however, invited to attend a recording session. "I think it was [Oscar-winning screenwriter] William Goldman who said that a writer's first visit to a set is one of the most fascinating days of his life, whilst his second visit is one of the most tedious! Goldman was spot on – although I always try to visit the set at least once to show support for the director and in order to meet the cast. I suppose it's a bit like being the bride's ex-boyfriend at a wedding; they feel they have to invite you, even though it's a bit embarrassing to have you there. Sometimes it's simply not worth the trip to spend a day hanging around, drinking cold tea, bored out of your mind."

But when the serial was originally broadcast early in 1981, Stephen was "riveted to the screen. *Warriors' Gate* was my first ever television and so it was an important day in my life. Twenty years later, I still get a thrill from knowing that I'm watching my work at exactly the same time as millions of others – but then I'm usually brought back down to Earth when I start noticing the things that don't quite work and that I wish we'd done differently. As far as I'm aware, *Warriors' Gate* wasn't a fan favourite at the time – a lot of people were turned-off by the fact that it wasn't a 'traditional' *Doctor Who* story – yet, all these years later, the serial seems to have become something of a 'classic'. A Canadian guy recently buttonholed me at a

***Warriors' Gate*: Romana and the Doctor on the wrong side of the slavers – and the Gateway**

convention and said, 'My God! You're the man who wrote *Warriors' Gate*. That story is the *2001* of *Doctor Who!*' Ah, well, steady on!"

I ask Stephen whether he thinks complaints about the complexity of the story are at all justified. "*Warriors' Gate* was a complex story, but I did feel that I'd made the complexities as elegantly explicit as I could. Chris and Paul's rewrite, on the other hand, included some bollocks science that I would never have let slip through. At one point, they even had the Fourth Doctor walking around with some Dwarf Star Alloy – which was supposed to be the densest material in the universe – in his coat pocket!"

The scripting over, Stephen embarked on a prose version of his serial for Target Books, under the pseudonym of John Lydecker. "When I sold the novelisation to Target, I used my much more explanatory first draft script as the basis. The novelisation over-ran, but Target were so pleased with the job that I'd done for them that – rather than getting me to cut it down – they extended the word count and the print run. It was quite an honour." But somebody else had other ideas. "[*Doctor Who* producer] John Nathan-Turner refused to approve my novelisation on the grounds that it was too far removed from the television serial. So in the space of about four days I had to do a cut-and-paste revision of the whole bloody thing. I didn't even have the luxury of a word processor, so I've still got all the clippings from the original draft. Maybe one day, a devotee of the show might care to tackle reassembling the original novelisation. It would take a hardier soul than I."

Getting the formula right: Nyssa mixes it in *Terminus*

With his first *Doctor Who* serial in the can, Stephen was commissioned to write a second. "Despite the last-minute scramble we'd had to get *Warriors' Gate* on air, John Nathan-Turner obviously still had a degree of faith in me. So he and [script editor] Eric Saward decided to give me another chance – and bought *Terminus*."

This time around, the Doctor was played by Peter Davison. "Peter was a very different type of actor to write for. The Fifth Doctor was an action hero and so you could get away with a much straighter story, whereas a lot of the writers who wrote for Tom Baker felt compelled to inject random eccentricity into the part. The character almost became a parody of himself." Whilst on the subject, he adds: "I think *Doctor Who* was at its best when William Hartnell played the Doctor. He turned him into a slightly sinister and dangerous alien and that made for much more intense drama. I could see reflections of Hartnell's portrayal in the BBC's recent adaptation of *Gormenghast*. Hartnell set the benchmark and we have all been playing in his playground since."

Many fans remember *Terminus* for the fact that the rumoured appearance of the Ice Warriors ultimately failed to happen. Stephen reveals the truth behind this fallacy: "I can say categorically that the Ice Warriors were never, at any time, intended for inclusion in *Terminus*. I think the rumours started because of the superficial similarity between the costumes of the Vanir – the Guardians of Terminus – and the design of the Ice Warriors. In fact, at my instigation, the Vanir design was based on medieval *memento mori* carvings. You see, there was a tradition in the Middle Ages of reminding people – even those in the bloom of youth – that they were one day going to be rotting corpses. So when someone died, two images would be carved onto their grave: one on the very top of that person as they had been in life; and another underneath which showed that person as a decaying carcass. The Vanir were very much based on the latter carving – visible ribs and skull-like faces – and I think [costume designer] Dee Robson did a fantastic job.

"The entire story had a medieval plague-ridden sensibility running through it: the Vanir were like monks in charge of a plague hospital; the ship travelling to Terminus was like a leper colony; and Lazar's Disease itself was similar to the Black Death. I was also keen to explore the stigma that has been attached to curable diseases – such as leprosy – throughout history. The disease featured in *Terminus* was a similarly stigmatised disease, which actually proved to be curable. Nevertheless, when *Terminus* was broadcast, someone actually complained to the *Radio Times* that I was giving leprosy a bad name! Had he bothered to watch the remaining episodes, he might have appreciated that we were coming from the same direction."

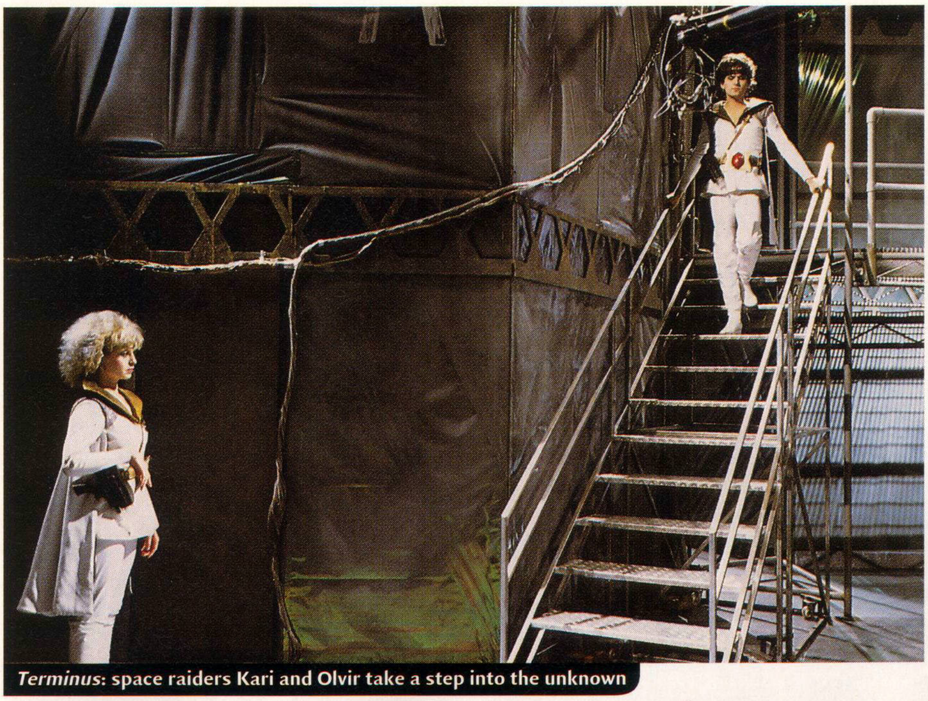
Another aspect of *Terminus* often misunderstood is the Garm. Stephen explains the creature's significance: "The Garm is like the Guardian of the Gates to Hell. I lifted the idea from Scandinavian mythology. He was intended to guard the gates to the Forbidden Zone and I wrote him as an almost mystical presence. I had in mind a sort of shape in the darkness – all you would ever see of him would be his two glowing red eyes. I had hoped that he would look rather sinister, but the serial's budget reduced the Garm to a giant talking dog with flashing red eyes – that they then decided to light from every bloody angle possible! Sometimes less really is more. I've heard it said that the show's budget was part of its charm, but I disagree. Low budgets aren't charming; they're regrettable. There really isn't any virtue in shoddiness.

'Low budgets aren't charming – they're regrettable. There really isn't any virtue in shoddiness'

"I remember being asked to view some tapes of *Terminus*' special effects sequences, but what the production team didn't know was that, at that time, I subscribed to several American cinematography magazines and knew exactly what I was talking about. The *Star Wars* movie had not long been released and I knew just how all the mind-blowing special effects were created – so it was quite a contrast to be sitting in a preview theatre in Broadcasting House watching tapes of someone crouching out of shot pushing a model spaceship on a stick towards a model space station!"

Although *Terminus* was not rewritten to the same extent as *Warriors' Gate*, Stephen does admit that "Eric Saward still wasn't able to resist fiddling with the script!" And apparently, the script editor's 'fiddling' was to blame for Nyssa's infamous skirt-dropping routine. "I really should explain. You see, Nyssa's outfit for the previous season had included a brooch that secured the costume around her neck. I had originally intended for her to remove the brooch in order to breathe properly and drop it so as it would point the Doctor in the right direction. But unbeknownst to me, Tegan and Nyssa's costumes were both completely revamped for the new season, leaving the latter without a brooch at all. So Eric was left to find something else for Nyssa to drop and the only thing that was detachable was her skirt. Now, personally, I would have had her leave the TARDIS wearing something more suitable for dropping, but Eric decided that Nyssa should suddenly announce that her stomach feels distended and start to strip off! I mean, what can you say?"

As well as providing Nyssa with a swansong, *Terminus* continued the ongoing story of the Black Guardian's attempts to kill the Doctor. Similarly, *Warriors' Gate* formed the final part of the so-called 'E-Space Trilogy' and included the departures of companions Romana and K9. So to what extent would Stephen have been made aware of any of this before he started writing? "When the producer and script editor decided to buy my scripts, they were


Terminus: space raiders Kari and Olvir take a step into the unknown

both still in protoplasmic, incomplete states." The scripts, you mean? "Oh, of course! The script editor was then able to tell me what extra features to include and which characters had to be written out. So when submitting a script for *Doctor Who* it was wise to write only for the Doctor and 'an' assistant. Any characterisation had to be kept as general as possible – the idea being that, whilst the Doctor's assistants may come and go, there's always an assistant-shaped hole to be filled. I reckon that's why the Doctor's assistants so often ended up as somewhat two-dimensional characters. Turlough's evil streak made him far more interesting to write for, but even he had to conform to the stereotypical *Doctor Who* assistant most of the time."

'It could be a world brand, but it's treated with embarrassment – the kids' show that won't go away'

But didn't Stephen mind the responsibility of writing out such a popular character as K9? "Nah! K9 was a pain in the arse. He was always breaking down on set and his story value had been used up long ago, so there was a genuine need to get rid of him. As a writer, it was lovely to be free from the constraints of having to keep the regular characters intact. I was even allowed to decide how they should go. I was only told, for example, that the Doctor must arrive with K9 and leave without him: what happened in between was entirely up to me. I could have roasted K9 slowly over an open fire if I'd been that way inclined, although I think John Nathan-Turner might have had something to say about that!" Quite.

Whilst Stephen exudes tremendous enthusiasm for his two *Doctor Who* serials, he is still able to stand back and view them critically. "*Terminus* isn't as ambitious or as creatively successful as *Warriors' Gate*, but it is a much deeper intellectual experience and would repay closer analysis. From a story coherence point of view, I do actually prefer *Terminus* – but from the point of view of imaginative achievement, I much prefer *Warriors' Gate*. *Warriors' Gate* was like a box of fireworks, whereas *Terminus* was an altogether more sober affair. It's a case of emotional grip versus depth of content and I would have to opt for the former every time. *Warriors' Gate* makes for a more memorable experience and is, let's face it, more exciting." And although Stephen novelised *Terminus* for Target Books, he didn't actually write for *Doctor Who* again. "I did submit another storyline called *Nightmare Country*, but Eric wrote back saying, 'Sorry, Steve, you've written another $5 million movie!' So that was the end of my association with *Doctor Who*: the guy who tried to write the million-dollar movies."

Staff meeting? Olvir, Valgard and the Garm

Since working on *Doctor Who*, Stephen has written a string of successful novels – several of which he has adapted for film and television. He's also acted as series consultant to hi-tech action adventure series, *Bugs*. "Stuart Doughty and Brian Eastman at Carnival Films had just sold this idea for a series to the BBC," he explains, "but they hadn't fully developed it and were in a bit of a quandary as to how the show should look and feel. I had worked with Stuart back in my days at Granada – and he was aware of work I'd done since – so he gave me a call, but I wasn't keen. I tried to talk myself out of the job by pointing out everything that was wrong with their ideas, but it didn't work. I ended up writing four episodes for the first series and doubling up as series consultant and writer on the second. You see, I couldn't resist the offer of sharing a credit roll with [producer] Brian Clemens, who had been head writer on *The Avengers* during its finest period and was something of a hero of mine."

In 1997, Stephen made his directorial debut when his novel *Oktober* was adapted for ITV. "Directing *Oktober* was the most difficult and harrowing thing that I have ever done," he admits. "I was responsible for a huge crew of people – that's quite a weight to carry on your shoulders. That said, I did thoroughly enjoy the experience." And what of the future? "Well, I've just finished the manuscript of a novel called *The Spirit Box*, so I'm now working on the text for a book on the arts of Chris Moore, one of Britain's foremost cover illustrators and a good friend of mine. I've also written a feature film for Carnival which we're hoping to move forward with later this year and I've got a couple of proposals for television specials in the pipeline. A movie of [Stephen's novel] *The Boat House* is also supposed to be entering production later in the year, but it's all gone rather quiet on that front."

So would Stephen ever consider writing for *Doctor Who* again? "I don't think so – my *Doctor Who* days have probably come and gone. Every couple of years, somebody comes to me with an idea for a *Doctor Who* movie – they reckon it's out to tender again and try to get me involved – but to be honest, I'd only do it if the BBC themselves were prepared to give me complete creative control to reinvent *Doctor Who* for the new millennium! That would be fun. I still can't understand why the BBC treats its single most durable and flexible property with such ineptitude. *Doctor Who* could be the BBC's world brand, yet they treat it with embarrassment. It's the kid's programme that they wish would go away.

"It would be nice to have been part of a show which had the respect within the institution that its success deserved. I may occasionally wince at some of the lines or cringe at a spaceship hanging quite obviously from a piece of string, but *Doctor Who* was my break into television and it opened up new horizons for me.

"The only downside, I suppose, is that every local newspaper in my area has a file with 'Stephen Gallagher: the man who killed K9!' written on it in big red letters! If ever they want to write a piece on me, I'm always 'the man who killed K9'. I've grown weary explaining that I didn't actually kill him, that it was 20-odd years ago and that I have actually done quite a lot of stuff since. I mean, *come on!* Isn't it time they let it drop?" DWM

Next issue: *we cross over into* Nightmare Country *to discover the secrets of Stephen Gallagher's "five million dollar" epic – a lost story from 1983!*

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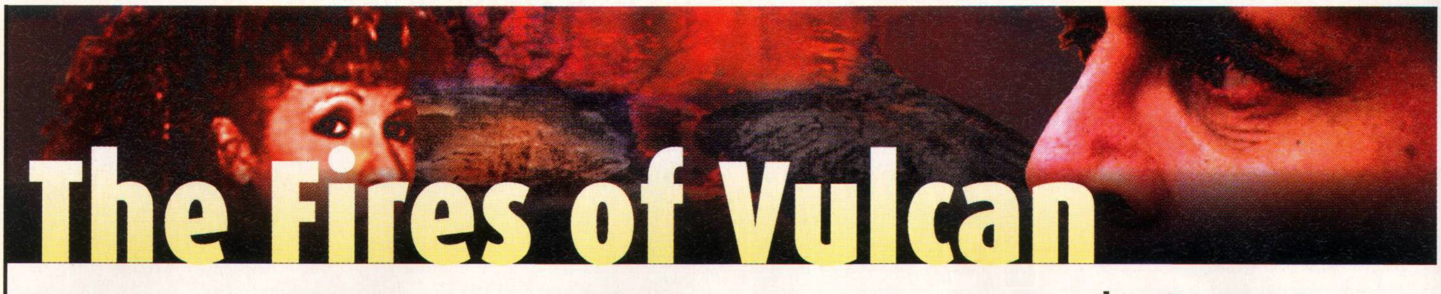
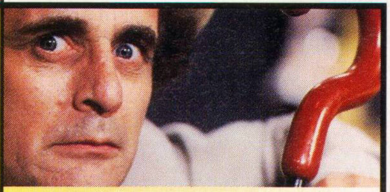


The Fires of Vulcan

by **Steve Lyons**



Featuring The Seventh Doctor & Mel
Enemies A very large and very destructive volcano – plus various citizens of Pompeii
Setting The last days of Pompeii (AD 79), and the city's ruins (AD 1980) – between *Delta and the Bannermen* and *Dragonfire*
You'll like this if you like *The Romans, Gladiator, Dante's Peak*
Listen out for the bit where Vesuvius erupts and the city plunges into chaos

The Doctor Sylvester McCoy
Melanie Bush Bonnie Langford
Aglae Gemma Bissix
Valeria Hedone Nicky Goldie
Popidius Celsinus Andy Coleman
Eumachia Lisa Hollander
Murranus Steven Wickham
Tibernus Robert Curbishly
Professor Scarlini Anthony Keetch
Captain Muriel Frost Karen Henson

Incidental music Alistair Lock
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Gary Russell

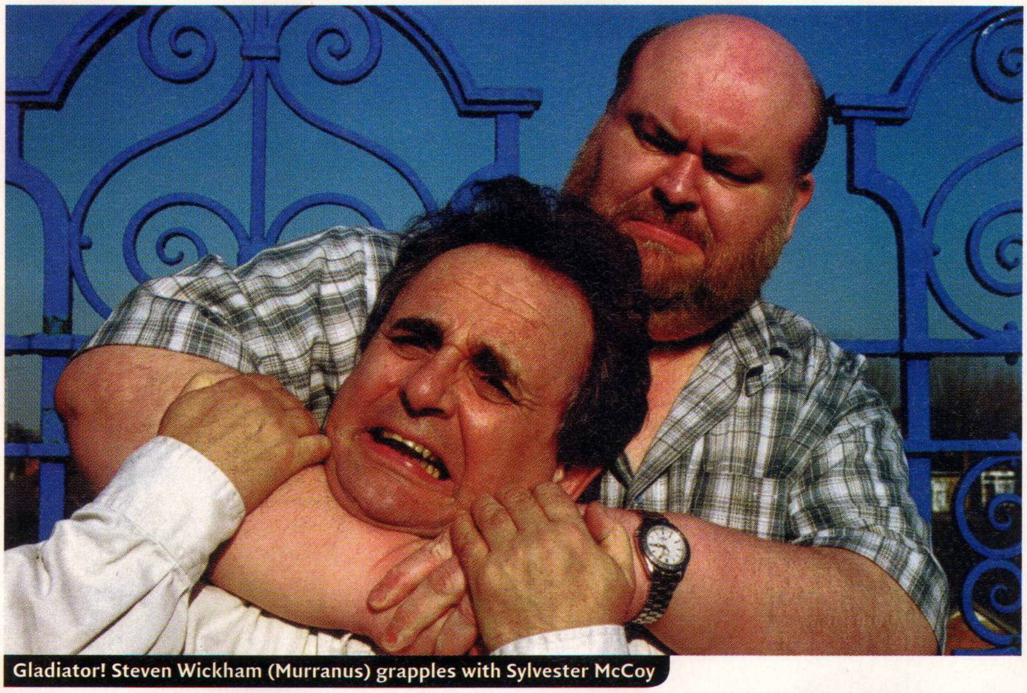
Of all the world's ruined cities, few can have more dramatic connotations than Pompeii. Images of its citizens and their way of life, preserved through the centuries under volcanic debris, retain their power to both entrance and horrify. Whether through a long-remembered feature on *Blue Peter*, a faded issue of the *Look and Learn*, or even a vintage comedy series starring Frankie Howerd, the chances are you already know the story of the ill-fated settlement in the shadow of Mount Vesuvius.

Certainly the Doctor knows about it. So when he and Mel land there in AD 79 on the day of the Vulcanalia – the festival of Vulcan, Roman God of Fire and Furnaces – he should know it's unwise to linger. But the Doctor soon seems preoccupied, weighed down by a sense of fate. But as the earth shakes, giving out unheeded warnings of impending disaster, the decision on how long to stay and explore is taken out of their hands. With their usual means of escape suddenly lost, Mel and the Doctor become entangled in the lives of the citizens of Pompeii – citizens who they alone know to be facing a cataclysmic event at mid-day the very next day.

As writer Steve Lyons himself puts it: "It's an obvious setting for a *Doctor Who* story: a small, self-contained community about to be destroyed by a threat that no-one can do anything about. It's just begging for the Doctor to turn up there and lose his TARDIS."

Why is the Doctor so reluctant to try to escape the threatened area? What unknown danger derives from Mel's uncharacteristic fib about where she and the Doctor have come from? Can the Doctor avoid dicing with death in the company of a proud fighter? And can there be more than one explanation for the English Police Telephone Box revealed under the ash during an excavation – in 1980?

The Fires of Vulcan is Big Finish's most pure historical yet, with Lyons' script boldly resisting the temptations of Frankie Howerd's *Carry On*-style comedy, although there is some comedy in – for example – Mel's indignant reaction to the locals' perception of her. Similarly, there are no sci-fi elements save for the Time Lord and his ship, and the laws that govern them.



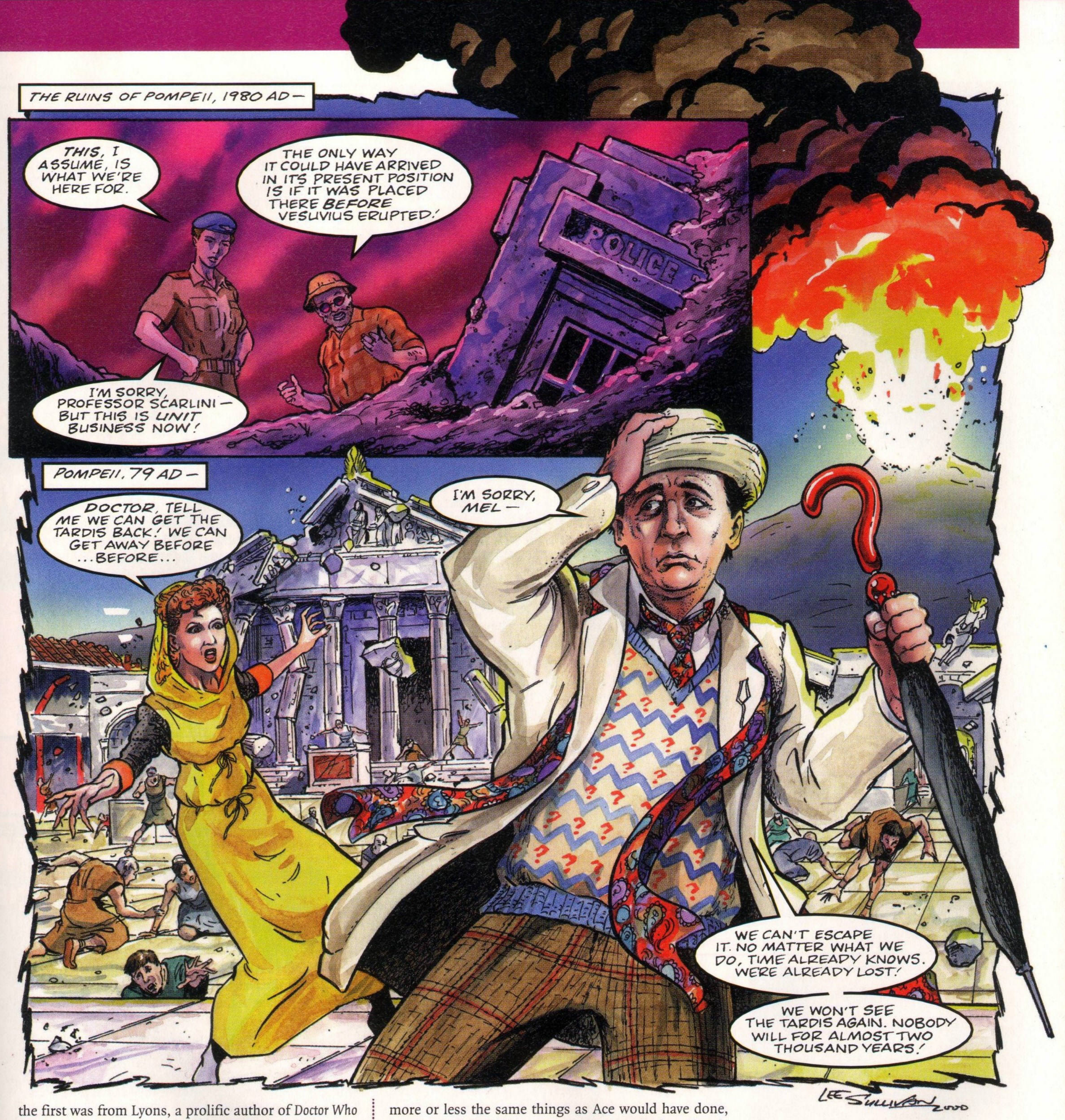
Gladiator! Steven Wickham (Murranus) grapples with Sylvester McCoy

Toga party: Bonnie Langford with Gemma Bissix

'Mel can be a good character – so long as you use her enthusiasm and honesty as strengths, not weaknesses'

Instead, Lyons has concentrated on making vivid the people of a period rich in conflicts over religion, not just in the gladiators' arena. All his characters are based on real citizens of Pompeii: that is, the names and status in society of Popidius Celsinus the young councillor, Valeria Hedone the inn-keeper, and Murranus the renowned gladiator are based on the surviving records. Likewise, the buildings and street names used are authentic, with the house of Eumachia – a noblewoman with a fine property and many servants – forming an important setting. Lyons, however, can lay claim to giving these their personalities – especially the arrogant, single-minded Eumachia and the volatile, yet somehow fearful Murranus.

This dramatic adventure came about because of two approaches made to Big Finish producer Gary Russell;


THE RUINS OF POMPEII, 1980 AD –
THIS, I ASSUME, IS WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR.
THE ONLY WAY IT COULD HAVE ARRIVED IN ITS PRESENT POSITION IS IF IT WAS PLACED THERE *BEFORE* VESUVIUS ERUPTED!
POLICE
I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR SCARLINI – BUT THIS IS *UNIT* BUSINESS NOW!
POMPEII, 79 AD –
DOCTOR, TELL ME WE CAN GET THE TARDIS BACK! WE CAN GET AWAY BEFORE ... BEFORE ...
I'M SORRY, MEL –
WE CAN'T ESCAPE IT. NO MATTER WHAT WE DO, TIME ALREADY KNOWS. WE'RE ALREADY LOST!
WE WON'T SEE THE TARDIS AGAIN. NOBODY WILL FOR ALMOST TWO THOUSAND YEARS!
LEE SULLIVAN 2000

the first was from Lyons, a prolific author of *Doctor Who* novels seeking to pen his first performed drama. To judge from well-received novels like *The Witch Hunters*, Lyons already has a good knack for breathing life into this genre. He proposed this particular historical because: "Gary said he had a slot open for one, so that was my best chance of getting commissioned. He wanted a Seventh Doctor story, set more than a few centuries ago and not featuring any Romans" – although Lyons was allowed to include subjects of the Roman Empire, which encompassed first-century Pompeii.

The second approach Russell received was from Bonnie Langford's agent, which resulted in a production reuniting Sylvester McCoy and his former companion, quite possibly for the first time anywhere since 1987. According to Russell, Langford was simply interested in making a return to the *Doctor Who* fold, and had heard of Big Finish's ongoing productions. Soon after, Lyons, at work on a Seventh Doctor and Ace script, received new instructions – to write for Melanie Bush instead.

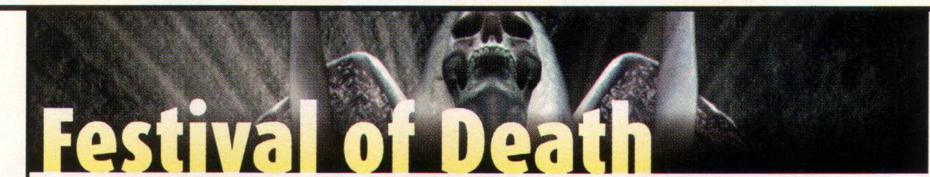
But, he says, the story remained unchanged at heart – with one difference in emphasis. "Mel understands much better than Ace why history shouldn't be changed, and she tries to work within that. She ends up doing more or less the same things as Ace would have done, but for slightly different reasons." Lyons had previously written for Mel in his Virgin novel *Head Games*. "I like to write for characters who, in my opinion, had potential that wasn't realised on TV. Mel falls into that category." Having completed *Fires of Vulcan*, he says: "I still think she can be a good character, so long as you use her enthusiasm and honesty as strengths rather than weaknesses."

Deciding to direct the story himself, Russell found working with the legendarily professional Langford very enjoyable, and is immensely pleased with the results of bringing her and McCoy together to act again. Big Finish are confident of working with the actress again on a release for 2001.

Also of note amongst the cast for *The Fires of Vulcan* are Steven Wickham – who made a splendid Dr Holywell in *Phantasmagoria* – as the gladiator Murranus, while Gemma Bissix – formerly Clare, Nigel Bates' goody-goody stepdaughter in *EastEnders* – guests as the sly Greek girl, Aglae, who gains much from becoming a temporary companion to Mel. DWM

'The last days of Pompeii make an obvious setting for a *Doctor Who* story'

The Fires of Vulcan *is released by Big Finish on 18 September*



Festival of Death

by Jonathan Morris

Featuring The Fourth Doctor, the Second Romana and K9 Mark Two
Enemies The Redemption, dwellers in dark interstices, and the more corporeal Arachnopods
Setting The star liners *Montressor* and *Cerberus*, trapped in hyperspace in the year 3012 . . . and between *Shada* and *The Leisure Hive*
You'll like this if you like *Nightmare of Eden*, early Marvel *Doctor Who* comic strips, *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*
Watch out for the bit where everything comes to a neat conclusion (it's on page 74)

Welcome to the Festival of Death – the final resting-place of the star liner *Cerberus*, now host to a carnival that brings together thrill-seekers and tourists from throughout the galaxy for a celebration of the act of dying itself. At the centre of these festivities is The Beautiful Death, which allows its subjects to actually experience death itself – to undergo the sensations of dying, to visit the hereafter, and then come back to tell the tale.

Or does it? What has happened to those unlucky few who haven't returned from the other side? Why does everyone recognise the Doctor if he has never been here before? And will he himself make it back from 'the ultimate experience'?

The world of *Doctor Who* has an heir to the crown of Gareth Roberts! Or it does if first-time novelist Jonathan Morris gets his way. Given Roberts' popularity with readers, Morris clearly doesn't believe in setting himself easy targets. "No-one seemed prepared to write any more books with the Season 17 line-up, possibly because they didn't want to invite negative comparisons, and this struck me as being a shame, since Gareth's books had proved very popular – they were instrumental in re-awakening my affection for the programme . . ."

Presumably then, Morris was delighted to find himself commissioned to write for that era? "It was great fun! I wanted to rekindle the sensations of watching *Doctor Who* back then, to recreate the same mixture of wild and exciting science fiction concepts and comedy and horror that captured my imagination as a six year-old. I imagined the story as it would have appeared as a 1979 TV production, and tried to work within the same constraints." His delight in the humorous side of the show is obvious. "You can indulge any imaginative excess and exploit any humorous situations," he enthuses. "While writing the dialogue I imagined how Tom Baker would ad-lib around it! Tom was such an outrageous, scene-stealing personality that you have to make the supporting cast slightly larger-than-life just to maintain a balance. You can certainly see that happening in the TV show, with characters like Organon and Soldeed."

Mention of the TV show inevitably draws a few comparisons with another story of the era, with a similar setting and themes . . . "I'm not going to deny there's a definite *Nightmare of Eden* feel to it. The process of drug-taking seems to be about trying to destroy your own personality, your own ego, to some extent, so I was simply taking that a step further, presenting death as 'the ultimate trip' – because it is the ultimate act of nihilism!"

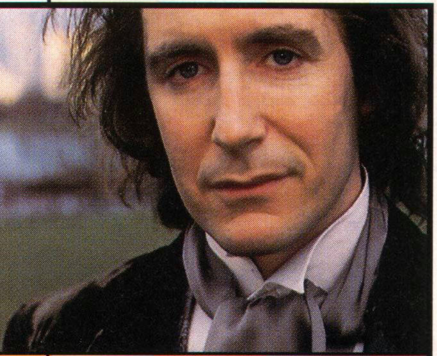
The book's structure is complex – it has an intricate non-linear narrative, in which the Doctor arrives just after a (later) visit by the same incarnation. As Morris puts it: "Why not have the Doctor arrive *after* the story? That raises interesting dramatic and comic possibilities, with people congratulating the Doctor for something he hasn't done yet, or letting slip details about his future." This made plotting the story a rather more intensive procedure than for a standard novel. "[Editor] Justin Richards asked me for a flow-chart diagram to demonstrate that I had all the time-travel aspects sorted out. The eventual diagram actually ended up looking like the London Underground map!

"I would like to say it was a great help when writing the book . . . but in fact I completely ignored it!"
David Darlington DWM

Festival of Death **is published by BBC Books on 4 September**

Casualties of War

by Steve Emmerson



Featuring The Eighth Doctor
Setting The tiny Yorkshire village of Hawkswick, toward the end of the First World War
Enemies The British and the Germans. Don't you know *that*?
You'll like this if you like Very early 'scary' *Doctor Who*, very late 'complex' *Doctor Who, Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense*, the war poetry of Owen, Brookes and Sassoon, *Blackadder Goes Forth*
Watch out for An oak tree – probably the oldest living thing in the vicinity – being put to deadly use . . .

Death is, of course, the inescapable outcome of life – but in one small Yorkshire community, already suffering the effects of war, the threshold between the two has become indistinct. Soldiers who have been missing or presumed dead have returned, horribly disfigured, to carry out their duties after dark. Livestock is found slaughtered in the fields. Can some explanation be found at the nearby psychiatric hospital? Just how effective are the innovative techniques used there to treat shell-shocked soldiers? And who exactly is the mysterious new arrival who claims only to be from 'the Ministry'?

England provided the setting for a sizeable portion of televised *Doctor Who*. In fictional terms, this is preposterous, suggesting an outrageously disproportionate importance for England in terms of the scale of the universe. But the Eighth Doctor is currently having to analyse his own attitude toward his (newly) adopted nationality. His painstaking voyage of discovery continues in this, Steve Emmerson's debut *Doctor Who* novel – taking place, as it does, at one of the country's bleakest moments.

Although the Great War happened over 80 years ago, the personal repercussions of such conflicts still echo strongly. Emmerson works as an accountant, and one of his clients fought in the last war. "Fifty years later, he was haunted by vivid recollections of his experiences, and he sadly died, in torment, shortly afterward. So although this is a horror story, I wanted vivid characters – which is why the plot is quite linear and simple – because the story concerns the after-effects of catastrophic events. On a man's mental state, his view of the world, his ultimate recovery, or lack of it. So this book asks questions that only the future of the series can answer. The Doctor himself is a casualty of the war that came to a head in *The Ancestor Cell*. He has been fundamentally damaged by that experience. There are strong hints in *Casualties* that people can't recover from such experiences – but the Doctor isn't 'people'. And so my story neatly fits this arc, which has been established to send the Eighth Doctor along a new track. And there should be enough gentle humour to make it more balanced than the 'horror' tag suggests."

Emmerson has been pitching *Doctor Who* ideas for years, coming close to having a previous proposal, *Rendezvous*, published as part of the Virgin range. Undaunted, in July 1999 he submitted a 'haunted house' idea. "This was obviously too well-worn a vehicle, but [then editor] Stephen Cole rang me to say very flattering things about my prose. That phone call ranks as one of the most wonderful moments of my life! He asked for more ideas, and the one I pitched for *Casualties of War* resonated thematically with what Steve and [new editor] Justin Richards were drafting for the future of the range. Serendipity!"

Unrestrained in his enthusiasm for current developments in the novels, Emmerson insists that Richards has "put the 'Who?' back into *Doctor Who* – readers will be intrigued to follow the Doctor's path from here. Justin is going to put a welcoming arm right around the shoulders of all those readers who thought this particular strand of *Doctor Who* had disappeared up its own –"

Quite. "If you like the Cartmel vision of *Doctor Who*, or the range of previous Doctor adventures, or even any intelligent, post-watershed adult drama, you'll find something to like in *Casulaties of War*. My wife hates *Doctor Who*, but despite that she enjoyed a lot of the human warmth and humour in my book." *David Darlington* DWM

Casualties of War **is published by BBC Books on 4 September**

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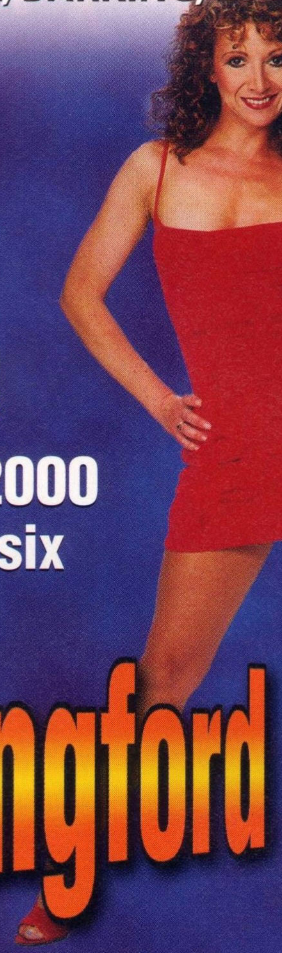

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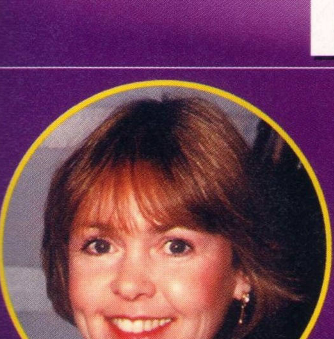
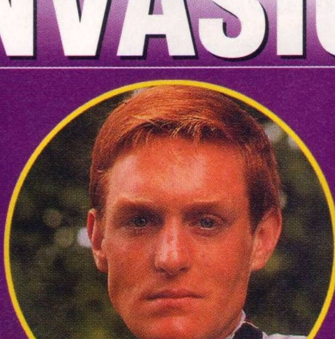
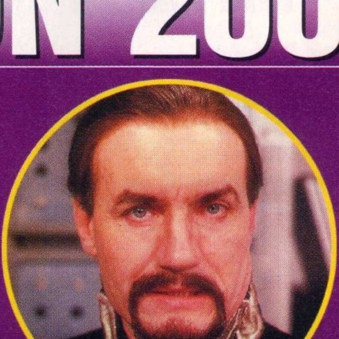


WENDY PADBURY



MARK STRICKSON



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The Savages

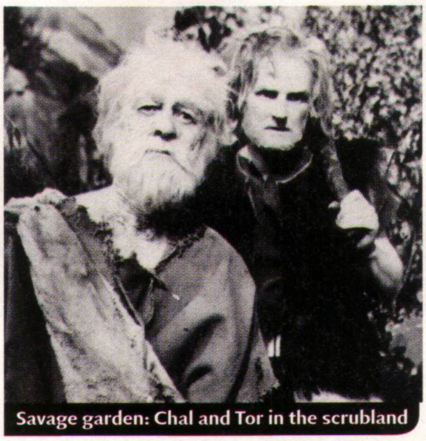
The First Doctor discovers an evil élite feeding off the lower orders – and loses a companion, too. Andrew Pixley uncovers a 1966 parable with political leanings!

EPISODE 1

The TARDIS lands in a rocky ravine. The Doctor explores the scrubland nearby with his instruments – unaware that he is being watched by two savages wearing animal skins. His companions, Steven and Dodo, are waiting in the ravine. Dodo is startled by another of these primitive men. Steven thinks that the Doctor may be wrong in his claim that they have landed in the future, believing instead that they have arrived at the beginning of mankind.

The primitives are on the verge of attacking the Doctor when two men in military-style uniforms arrive. They say they have come to welcome the Doctor, whom they know as 'the traveller from beyond time'; the Elders of their city have, it seems, been plotting his voyages for light years. The brusque Captain Edal insists that the Doctor comes to meet the Elders. In the meantime, his compatriot, Exorse, goes to find Steven and Dodo – and saves the two youngsters from the primitives' spears.

In the highly advanced and serene city, the Doctor is welcomed by Jano, leader of the Council of Elders, and sees how his journeys have been charted. As an honoured guest, he accepts the regalia of a High Elder, and is about to start discussing science when Dodo and Steven are brought in by Exorse. They, too, are given gifts: a mirror for Dodo, and a knife for Steven.



Savage garden: Chal and Tor in the scrubland

Once again, the ill-tempered Edal sets off on patrol with Exorse. They are seen by Chal, the savages' leader – who instructs a young girl, Nanina, to warn the families who hide in the caves. As she crosses the craters, she is captured by Exorse – and guided by the beam of his 'light gun'.

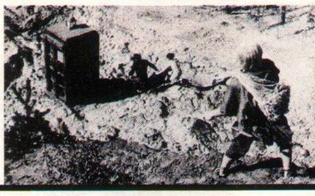
Dodo and Steven are given a tour of the city by Avon and Flower, who tell them that no-one leaves its limits; everything they need is contained inside. Their scientists have made a discovery which has granted all the citizens greater energy, intellect and talent. The Doctor is also curious to know more about the achievements of Jano's people; he learns that they tap a source of energy which they extract from animals, store in vats and then transfer directly into members of the community. Looking out of a window, Dodo sees Exorse guiding Nanina into the city.

Exorse takes the stunned Nanina to a laboratory, where a savage has had all his energy drained away by a scientific team. The victim is then released into corridor K04, while Nanina is prepared for 'vitality extraction'. Having given Avon and Flower the slip, Dodo wanders into the corridor – where she finds the stumbling figure of the released savage advancing upon her . . .

EPISODE 2

The savage stumbles past Dodo and collapses by the exit door; she helps him through it and out of the city to see two other savages – Chal and Tor. Re-entering the city, Dodo arrives at the laboratory – where Nanina, strapped to a trolley, has been wheeled into a glass cabinet which has been filled with gas; as the process starts, the vats fill with a dark liquid. Dodo is spotted by an assistant, who assumes that she is also to undergo transference.

The Doctor seems unconcerned by Dodo's disappearance when alerted by Steven. Edal grudgingly mounts a search into the corridor area – where Dodo's threat to smash the equipment has distracted Senta, the scientist in charge, from completing the transference being performed on Nanina. Dodo is hurried out, back to her friends – but the Doctor still seems disinterested when she tries to tell him what she's seen. The Doctor tells Jano that he has some interesting documents about time travel in his ship, and will fetch them with help from Steven and Dodo. Jano orders Edal to follow them.



'This, sir, is protracted murder!'

Jano confronts the Doctor, amazed that he opposes the Elders' extraction of 'life force' from the savages.

JANO I'm sorry you take that attitude, Doctor. It is most unscientific. You are standing in the way of human progress.
THE DOCTOR [*scathingly*] Human progress, sir! How dare you call your treatment of these people progress?
JANO They are hardly people, Doctor. They are not like us.
THE DOCTOR I fail to see the difference.
JANO Do you not realise that all progress is based on exploitation?
THE DOCTOR Exploitation indeed! This, sir, is protracted murder!
JANO We have achieved a great deal merely by the sacrifice of a few savages.
THE DOCTOR The sacrifice of even one soul is far too great!

From **The Savages** Episode 2, by Ian Stuart Black

In the scrubland outside, the Doctor listens to Dodo's tale; he, too, is worried by the Elders. Finding the prone savage whom Dodo helped leave the corridor, the Doctor says that the Elders extract life force from other human beings for themselves. He sends Dodo and Steven to get some capsules from the TARDIS while he looks after the savage; moments later, Edal arrives and orders the Doctor back to the city. Dodo and Steven return to give the medicine to the savage, and when Tor and Chal arrive in hostile mood, the recovering savage – Wylda – says that the Doctor and his friends tried to help him.

Unable to understand why the Doctor shows compassion to barbarians, Jano orders him to be taken to the laboratory. Edal explains that the Doctor's life force is to be extracted, and the Doctor is paralysed by a light gun. He is placed in the cubicle and the process begins; as the vats bubble, Senta announces: "It is going to be a classic transference. This is our greatest success."

EPISODE 3

Hoping to extract the life force of the other travellers, Jano orders Edal to capture Dodo and Steven – and asks for an in-transference to himself as soon as possible.

Chal leads Dodo and Steven to the Valley of Caves where the savages are forced to live, hidden in the dark tunnels; Tor is horrified by Chal's trust in the travellers. Exorse captures Tor and forces him to reveal that the strangers are in the caves. Seeing Exorse advance, Steven and Dodo retreat into the dark tunnels with Chal; Steven goads Exorse on, and uses the mirror to bounce the ray from the light gun back at the soldier. Exorse is captured, but Nanina saves him from being killed by the vengeful Tor. Armed with Exorse's gun, Steven, Dodo and Chal head for the city and overpower a guard.

Jano undergoes the in-transference, and immediately seems to adopt many of the prone Doctor's mannerisms; he is concerned by his own behaviour. Edal sees Dodo and Steven entering the city and arranges to have the Doctor placed in corridor U-3. The travellers see the old man, but he is stumbling and does not recognise them. As they try to leave the city, the doors are sealed by Edal and destructive vapours are pumped into the corridor. Jano watches events on a monitor. Masked guards advance on the trio through the choking gas . . .

EPISODE 4

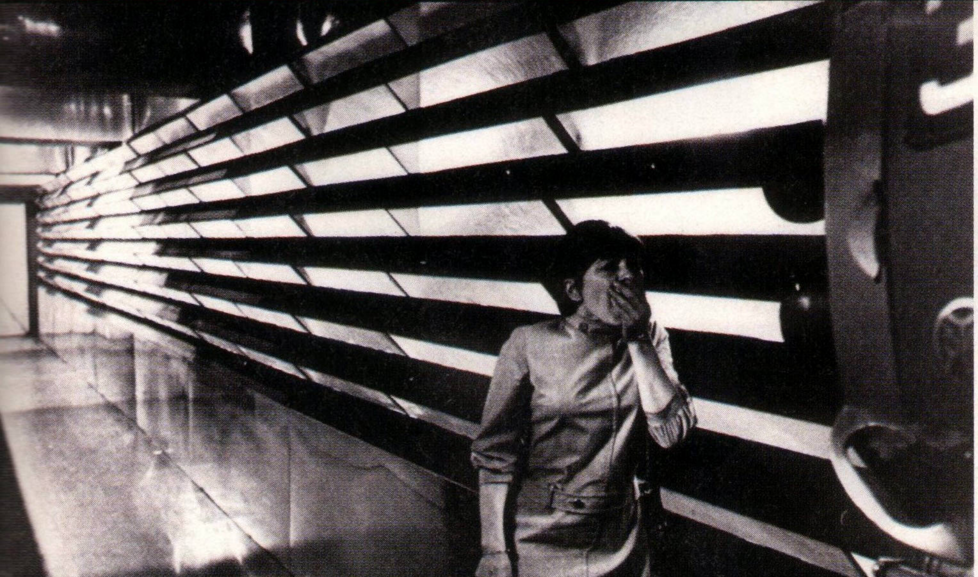
Watching the scene in the corridor, Jano opens the doors and allows the party to escape. Edal is outraged, but Jano orders him to ready B Patrol to hunt them down under his supervision.

Dodo and Chal take the Doctor on to the caves while Steven holds their pursuers back with the light gun. Jano attempts to advance on the caves alone, but Edal insists on remaining with him. However, Jano fails to overpower Steven when he has the chance. At the cave, Tor speaks out against Chal's leadership as Nanina tends to Exorse; Chal's party arrives, and Steven holds Jano and Edal at bay from the entrance. Recovering, the Doctor orders that Jano must not be harmed; he intends to destroy the laboratory with the help of an ally. Jano orders Edal back to the city as darkness falls; he then enters the caves peacefully, admitting that he has received some of the Doctor's conscience along with his intellect. As the Doctor and Jano hatch a plan, Exorse escapes.

At the city, Edal tells Senta that he thinks Jano is a traitor to the Elders and is no longer fit to lead them; this is supported by Exorse when he arrives. In the scrubland, Jano approaches, having apparently taken the Doctor's party and the savages prisoner. Jano is aghast when Edal claims to have taken over, and Edal is disgraced; Senta orders the prisoners to be brought into the laboratory and the doors sealed. Jano orders Senta to destroy the equipment, and starts to smash the instruments himself. Senta sounds the alarm as the 'prisoners' join in; Exorse changes side to save Jano from an Elder. The storage vats are destroyed before Edal bursts in – but Steven overcomes him with a light gun, saving Jano.

Chal and Jano indicate that they would look to Steven as a leader to unite their people, and the Doctor tells the young astronaut that he is confident in his abilities to accept the challenge. Dodo says a tearful goodbye as she, Steven and the Doctor are left alone in the wrecked lab. Steven exits, and the Doctor tells Dodo that they may meet him again: "In this strange complex of time and space – anything is possible." The TARDIS departs the ravine.

In Production



Eek! Jackie Lane (Dodo) records the Episode 1 cliffhanger on the Corridor set

Towards the end of 1965, writer Ian Stuart Black was working on a six-part BBC thriller, *Ransom For a Pretty Girl*. Leaving a script conference with producer Alan Bromly, Black noticed that the *Doctor Who* office was just next door. Having watched *Doctor Who* with his children since its inception a couple of years earlier, Black thought the format would offer him the freedom to write something interesting – and impress his family, too. Entering the production office – then headed by producer John Wiles and story editor Donald Tosh – he asked if he could contribute a storyline.

Wanting to explore the dark side of mankind's behaviour, Black came up with the notion of a wonderfully creative, artistic society which could only function by absorbing the energies of other human beings. Keen to avoid mindless action and violence, Black aimed to craft a serial in which the audience could reason out what was happening through the structure of a conventional adventure. This cerebral approach appealed to Wiles and Tosh.

Black was contracted to produce a four-part *Doctor Who* storyline just before Christmas 1965 – which he delivered on Tuesday 18 January 1966. Problems with Donald Cotton's *The Gunslingers* – a script which had been commissioned earlier – led to Black's narrative being considered as a possible Serial Z, entering production in March; these difficulties were soon

Plot point: the Doctor discovers his voyages have been mapped by Jano

resolved, however, and Cotton's serial was slotted in as Z – with Black's offering following it as Serial AA (the coding being the result of the entire alphabet having now been used).

Change was afoot at the *Doctor Who* production office around this time. Wiles had resigned at the start of the year – and, out of loyalty, Tosh had soon followed suit. Tosh was quickly replaced by Gerry Davis, who began negotiations with Black over his fee on Wednesday 12 January. The following Wednesday, Davis formally commissioned Black to script *Doctor Who & the White Savages*; Episode 1 was due to be delivered by Monday 21 February, with the remaining three episodes following at weekly intervals until Monday 14 March.

Working well ahead of deadline, Black delivered his first script on Wednesday 26 January. Headed *Doctor Who and the White Savages*, it did not bear an individual episode title – a change brought about by incoming producer Innes Lloyd, who trailed Wiles from the end of January. (Until this point, each episode had a title of its own – and, as far as viewers were concerned, each instalment was part of the on-going narrative of *Doctor Who*, with cliffhangers bridging most stories. Nevertheless, most serials *had* had an overall title, for use within the BBC; on occasion, some of these had been given to the public via articles in the *Radio Times*.) Lloyd believed that a shift to a single story title, each with individual episode numbers, would help make it clear to viewers exactly when a new story was beginning.

Black's scripts were written to be made entirely within the studio, with no allowances for pre-filming. Episode 2 was delivered on Tuesday 8 February, with Episode 3 following two days later; the concluding instalment was with Davis on Wednesday 23 February.

At this time, it was decided that the character of TARDIS traveller Steven (mis-spelled "Stephen" throughout Black's scripts) would be written out. Lloyd had inherited companions Steven Taylor and Dodo Chaplet from Wiles and Tosh – but was unhappy with both of them, thinking they lacked both depth and identification with the audience. Lloyd found Steven particularly inflexible – as did Davis, despite the fact that he enjoyed working with Peter Purves, the actor who played the part. Purves, who felt that he had failed to find a rapport with Lloyd, was contracted to appear in Serials Y, Z and AA on Thursday 24 February – only to be informed the following day that the BBC's option on a further 13 episodes would not be taken up. (During the coming weeks, Lloyd would decide to have Dodo written out in the subsequent story – which, as it transpired, would also be written by Black. On Tuesday 15 March, Davis commissioned Black to take over *Doctor Who and the Computers*, a story idea from scientist Kit Pedler which had originally been given to writer Pat Dunlop to develop.)

Blooming heck – it's citizen Flower (Kay Patrick)

Purves was not terribly distressed to hear that he would be leaving the series in June. He felt that the character of Steven, so sharp and promising when created by former script editor Dennis Spooner to first appear in the final episode of 1965's *The Chase*, had gone undeveloped throughout the Wiles/Tosh régime; he also missed original producer Verity Lambert, who had left the show a couple of months after his joining. Differing temperaments had led

WRITER Ian Stuart Black

Born in 1915, Ian Stuart Black was the son of an actor/manager. Keen on writing from an early age, some of Black's earliest stories were published in the *Manchester Guardian*. He joined the RAF, serving in Egypt during World War Two. Demobbed, he got a job with the Rank Organisation on the strength of a play he had written; thereafter, he spent three years working in Rank's scenario department, honing his writing skills on films including *Shadow of the Past*. One of his plays, *We Must Kill Toni*, was televised by the BBC in December 1951; it was later filmed for cinema release as *She'll Have to Go*. In 1954, Black began work on a film series made primarily for the American market: *Fabian of Scotland Yard*. Broadcast by the BBC, it established Black as a television writer. Submitting a script in 1957 for ITP's *William Tell*, Black found himself working regularly as a scenario editor on the company's next series, *HG Wells' Invisible Man* – which in turn led him to help create ITC's thriller series *Danger Man*. He continued to act as a story editor on ITC's *Sir Francis Drake*, *Man of the World* and *The Sentimental Agent* through to 1963. Black also submitted a script for *One Step Beyond*, an American supernatural-themed series which was shooting British episodes in conjunction with Associated-Rediffusion. His episode, *The Tiger*, caught the attention of the BBC – and led to Black being offered the chance to write a thriller serial for the Corporation: *Ransom For a Pretty Girl*. In the early 1960s, Black also wrote for ITC's *The Saint* and Granada's *The Man in Room 17*.

to friction with Wiles; Lloyd, meanwhile, recalled that Purves tended to complain that his character was no longer being written for in an interesting manner. Despite there being no acrimony over Purves' departure (the actor had already been thinking about moving on), it did signal another major change to *Doctor Who* soon after the arrival of a new production team – which it was feared might upset the show's star, William Hartnell.

SCRIPTING Savages, Elders, citizens and guards

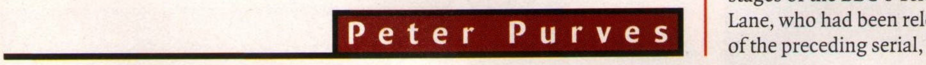
According to the scripts for *The Savages*, the savages – sometimes referred to as "the white savages" – wore animal skins and looked "very fierce and primitive . . . [with] something wild, yet apprehensive about them." Nanina was "a young girl . . . dressed in a coarse cloth. She is pretty in a wild, startled, youthful fashion." Guards Edal and Exorse were "good-looking, powerful and dressed in a futuristic, military uniform" and carried "light-guns with wide square muzzles"; Exorse, in particular, was "an attractive young man". Jano, leader of the Council of Elders, was "powerful, intelligent and charming". Among the remaining city-dwellers (not all of whom were described as Elders) were Avon and Flower: "two of the younger people, Avon being bespectacled and pompous, a serious student and Flower being pretty and inconsequential, striving hard to be equally intelligent." The transference operations were supervised by Senta: "an intelligent, well-featured man in his thirties, brisk, efficient, reserved."

One notable aspect of Black's scripts for *Doctor Who and the White Savages* was the author's reference to a "light-year" as a measure of time rather than its true meaning, a measure of distance. In Episode 1, after learning from Jano that the Elders can use their powers to enhance their race, the Doctor was originally to remark, "In other words you think you've found the secret of eternal life?" As scripted, the Episode 2 scene where Jano orders Edal to take the Doctor to Senta was longer – with Edal firing a warning shot from his light gun. A minor continuity point arose in Episode 2, when the Doctor speaks about fighting the Daleks in comparison to this new threat. In Episode 3, the first laboratory assistant, talking to Senta, was to question Jano's decision to undergo the in-transference himself. When possessed by the Doctor's spirit in Episode 4, Jano was to refer to the TARDIS by name, causing Edal to ask what TARDIS means; this was changed to "spaceship". Other scenes which underwent revision included: in Episode 1, the Doctor's discussions with Jano, and Senta preparing Nanina for the process; and in Episode 2, Dodo and Steven being reunited and Senta beginning to extract the Doctor's life force. At a late stage, the weapons used by Edal and his guards were changed from 'light beams' to 'liquid light beams' – but, in almost every case, reverted to 'light beams' on production.

The director for *The Savages*, as the serial was re-named, was Christopher Barry, who had been one of the first directors to work on *Doctor Who*. After overseeing episodes of the first Dalek serial and taking on *The Rescue* and *The Romans* as a single project, he had worked on the soap *The Flying Swan* and the BBC2 serial *Take a Pair of Private Eyes*. Barry didn't find Black's script terribly interesting, feeling that *Doctor Who* had gone stale after almost three years on the air – but he had established a good rapport with the show's star, retaining a respect for Hartnell dating back to his film career.

'I don't think the producer rated me as an actor. I always thought that was one of the reasons I was dropped'

Peter Purves



Tea's up! Christopher Barry, Peter Purves and Ewen Solon on location at Oxshott Quarry

As usual, costume and make-up were given to Daphne Dare and Sonia Markham respectively; Dare had been with the series since the first Dalek story in 1963, with Markham joining on *The Sensorites* a few months later. Sets were designed by Stuart Walker; this would be his only *Doctor Who*.

Music was composed and conducted by Raymond Jones, whom Barry had previously hired for *The Romans*. Jones used a string quartet and a percussion player in his 27-minute score, which was recorded around early May; it would be supplemented by stock music from the Radiophonic Workshop in some corridor sequences for Episodes 1 and 2.

On Tuesday 26 April, just before production got underway, the imminent departures of both Purves and Dodo actress Jackie Lane were announced in the *Daily Mail*. By this time, Lloyd had decided to restructure the subsequent serial (now titled *The War Machines*), dropping Dodo part-way through the narrative and replacing her with a new companion, Polly. The following month, Lloyd would tell the press that Steven and Dodo's lack of background had not helped engender new stories; their past histories had never been suitably explained. The *Daily Express* revealed that "Stephen" was to stay on an alien planet – whereas Dodo, who had allegedly been snatched from Hampstead Heath, would be returned to present-day London.

Pre-filming on *The Savages*, which began on Wednesday 27 April on the sound stages of the BBC's Television Film Studios at Ealing, required both Purves and Lane, who had been released from rehearsals for *Johnny Ringo*, the third episode of the preceding serial, *The Gunfighters* (formerly *The Gunslingers*). Also filming on this day was guest star Ewen Solon as Chal, alongside Geoffrey Frederick as Exorse and Clare Jenkins as Nanina – whose 'animal fur' costume was apparently the same one worn by Raquel Welch in Hammer's prehistoric epic *One Million Years BC*, filmed primarily between October 1965 and January 1966.

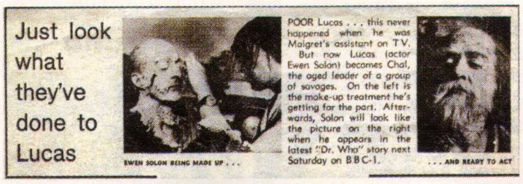
Scenes filmed on this day were set at the city wall and the surrounding scrublands: both the Episode 1 sequence where Exorse herds Nanina along (as seen by Dodo) and the Episode 3 scene where a guard is overpowered were filmed on the City set; the Episode 1 sequence where Steven calls out to the Doctor and Dodo, plus the Episode 3 scenes where Edal and Exorse begin their search and Steven, Chal and Dodo watch a guard, were all filmed on the Scrubland set.

The 'light gun' props housed a powerful bulb, with dry ice issuing from the front to emphasise the beam; transfixed, the 'victim' would be forced to follow the ray of light, which was produced by a powerful spotlight. For the pallid, dry make-up of the exhausted savages, Markham applied a thin layer of latex to the artistes, stretching and blowing it with hot air to make it wrinkle and then scuffing it to make it flake.

Purves and Lane were again released from rehearsals the following day, Thursday 28, for further filming at Ealing; this comprised the longer Episode

GUEST CAST

Principal guest stars for *The Savages* were Ewen Solon and Frederick Jaeger. Cast as Chal, New Zealander Solon was well-known for his role as Lucas in the BBC's *Maigret* series (a fact which made his 'wild' *Doctor Who* appearance newsworthy: see clipping); the following year he starred in the BBC drama *The Revenue Men*. Jaeger, who played Jano, was born in Berlin into a Jewish family which later settled in England. Prior to *The Savages*, Jaeger had appeared in television series such as *Interpol Calling* and *Sir Francis Drake*; later, he would star in series such as LWT's *The Inside Man* and HTV's *The Pretenders*. Of the remaining cast, Geoffrey Frederick (Exorse) had been a regular in several ITV series including *Call Oxbridge 2000* and the highly successful Associated-Redifusion thriller *Riviera Police*. Director Christopher Barry had previously cast Clare Jenkins (Nanina) in an episode of *Moonstrike*. Kay Patrick (Flower) had appeared in *Doctor Who* before, playing Poppaea in the Barry-directed *The Romans*.



Just look what they've done to Lucas

EWEN SOLON BEING MADE UP . . .

POOR Lucas . . . this never happened when he was Maigret's assistant on TV.

But now Lucas (actor Ewen Solon) becomes Chal, the aged leader of a group of savages. On the left is the make-up treatment he's getting for the part. Afterwards, Solon will look like the picture on the right when he appears in the latest "Dr. Who" story next Saturday on BBC-1.

. . . AND READY TO ACT

3 sequence set in a narrow passage in the Valley of Caves, where the effect of Exorse's light beam is reflected back at him.

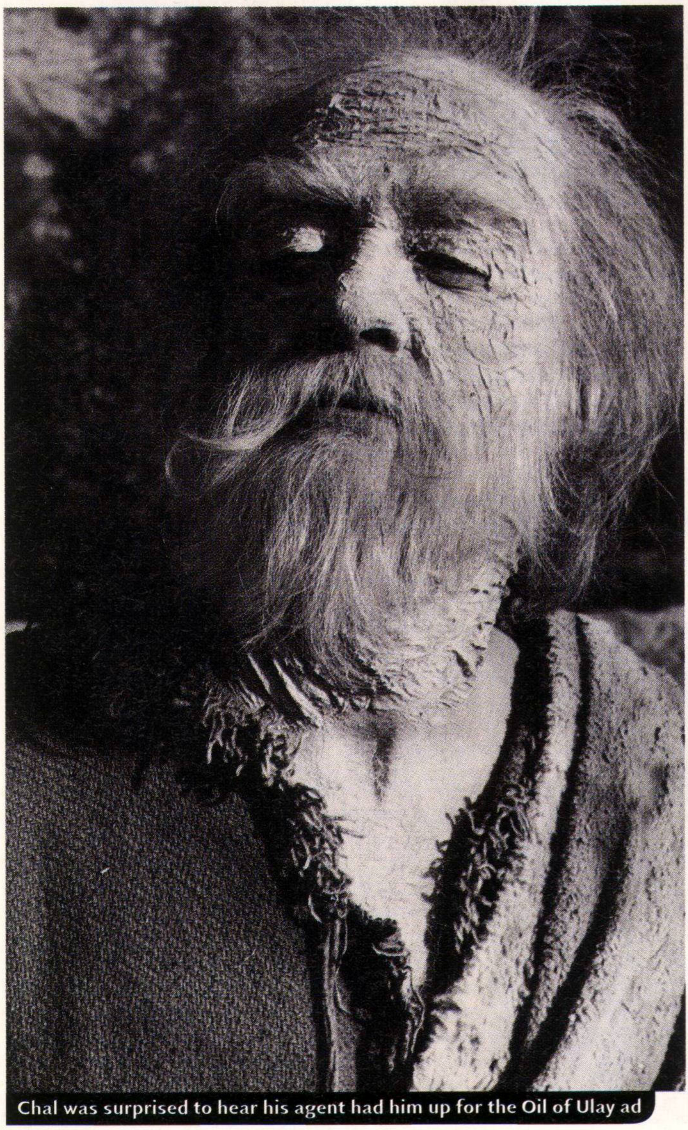
While *Johnny Ringo* was being recorded at Riverside Studios on Friday 29, Barry headed out to a gravel pit near Chalfont St Peter, Buckinghamshire to film four Episode 1 sequences with Frederick and Jenkins. The pit (which, many years later, would be covered over by the M25 motorway), was chosen by Barry because it looked desolate, like the moon's surface. The four sequences shot in the 'Crater' area showed Exorse on patrol, Nanina attempting to evade him, and Nanina's eventual capture.

Purves and Lane spent Sunday 1 May – one of their days off – at Oxshott Quarry near Esher, Surrey, the location for the Episode 1 ravine sequences. These comprised: the TARDIS materialising; Dodo and Steven waiting for the Doctor; Dodo sensing a savage watching her from above; and the sequences showing Dodo and Steven running from Chal, Tor and a third spear-throwing savage. Lane enjoyed this rare day's location work on *Doctor Who* – the only other outdoor shoot she had attended to this time being Dodo's introductory scene in *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve: Bell of Doom* back in January. Solon was made up as Chal at Television Centre, and then drove Lane and one of the make-up team down to the location in his Jaguar – thinking nothing of asking directions from a passing cyclist while wearing full 'savage' make-up.

The same day, a shot of an approaching savage was filmed for the final episode of *The Gunfighters* at Virginia Water in Berkshire; the opening scene of Black's script – in which the Doctor tells Steven and Dodo he believes they had landed in the far future, at a time of great advancement, peace and prosperity – had been transplanted to the end of the previous serial to give it a cliffhanging finale. Recorded on Friday 6 May, *The OK Corral*, the final episode to bear an individual title, concluded with a caption slide reading, "Next Episode: *Dr Who and the Savages*". Camera scripts for the new serial were headed *Doctor Who and the Savages*.

Rehearsals for *The Savages* took place at a drill hall at 58 Bulwer Street, London. Neither Black nor Barry had any particular problems with Hartnell – who, around this time, was deliberately acting older than his years to ensure he got his own way, and becoming irritated by what he perceived as a lack of professionalism in others. Joining the cast was the serial's other guest star, Frederick Jaeger, playing Jano.

Recording of all four episodes took place in Studio 1 at Riverside between 8.30 and 9.45pm. Episode 1, which was recorded on Friday 13 May, was to have begun with a filmed reprise from the end of *The OK Corral*, but both off-air sound recordings and telesnaps indicate that this was not included in the finished programme. Opening captions – now showing serial title, writer credit and episode number – were superimposed over the opening film sequence showing the TARDIS materialising in the ravine and the first shot of the undergrowth, before the Doctor's appearance. In one of the early scenes between the Doctor, Edal and Exorse, the Doctor refers to one of his instruments as a "reacting vibrator"; in the camera script, it was simply a "RV".



Chal was surprised to hear his agent had him up for the Oil of Ulay ad

> **'*The Savages* has a disguised political and philosophical message . . . I never tell anyone because it sounds ludicrous!'**
>
> **Ian Stuart Black**

During recording, a number of extras doubled up, playing citizens in the early scenes and then laboratory assistants towards the end. The Senta's Laboratory set was the serial's centrepiece, with many working props adding to the illusion of the transference operations. These included a clear, horizontal cubicle which a person, borne on a trolley, could be put inside; a radar dish-like device could then be lowered onto the victim's chest. As the 'transference' process began, dry ice was pumped into the cabinet, and a dark tank was filled with a dark, bubbling liquid which represented the 'life essence'. A scale model of the Laboratory set was built for use in the scene where Jano points out the Elders' technological triumphs to the Doctor.

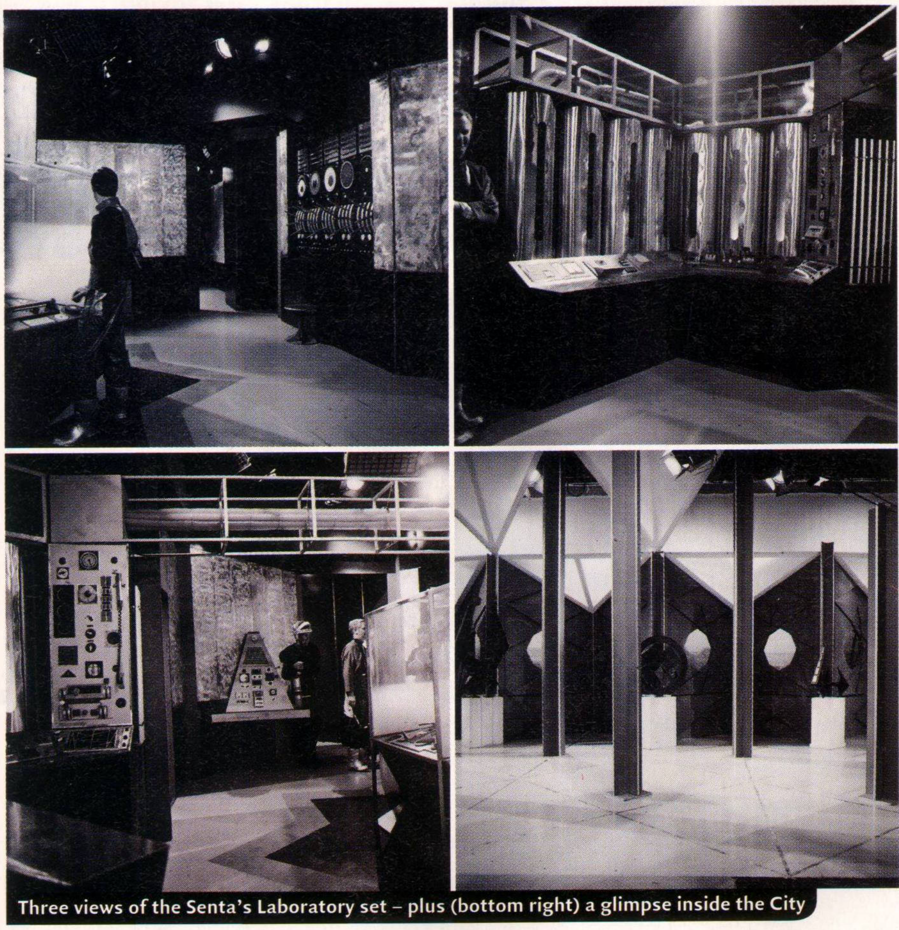
Only one taping break was planned, to move the cameras before the final sequence in the Corridor set. Closing credits were superimposed over a shot of Wylda lumbering towards Dodo. Two shots of Dodo from Wylda's point of view were taped to be cut in to the sequence; for these, the camera was defocused slightly to indicate Wylda's exhausted condition.

Episode 1 was edited on the evening of Monday 16 May; each show was assembled three days after recording, just under a fortnight ahead of transmission. Earlier that day, rehearsals had begun for Episode 2, leading up to recording on Friday 20 May. Opening titles ran over a shot of the model laboratory, as shown to the Doctor by Jano in the previous episode; this image was mixed to a shot of Dodo in the corridor. Three breaks were scheduled during the evening's recording: the first allowed the trolley to be removed from the Laboratory set; the second was to move the trolley back into place; and the third, before the scene where Dodo is reunited with Steven, was for camera moves. Closing credits were superimposed as the camera zoomed in on the Doctor laying prone in Senta's transference device.

The Doctor adjusts his 'reacting vibrator'. Stop sniggering at the back

Filming for *The War Machines* took place between Sunday 22 and Thursday 26 May; Hartnell and Lane appeared in scenes on location in London on the Sunday, prior to starting rehearsals for *The Savages* Episode 3 the next day. Hartnell was also released for more location filming on Thursday 26, the day before Episode 3 was taped. Hartnell had no dialogue proper during this instalment, and concentrated on showing Jaeger how to impersonate his mannerisms, movement and walk as accurately as possible for the scenes where Jano is dominated by the Doctor's psyche. The edition of *Radio Times* published that week included a half-page promotional piece headed *Dr Who and the Savages*.

Episode 3 was recorded on Friday 27. Opening caption slides ran over a shot of the Doctor in the transference cubicle. Three breaks in taping were scheduled around the rock passage and cave sequences in which Exorse pursues Steven's party, to allow the prop rocks in the caves to be rearranged. Decorated with Aztec-style wall paintings, the large Cave set was entered by a set of steps to the rear. For the 'in-transference' operation sequences, Jaeger donned a cylindrical helmet and sat in the clear cubicle beneath the dish-like probe; after the 'transfer', the actor performed his part as Jano as an impersonation of Hartnell, as the script required. A monitor in the control room adjacent to Senta's Laboratory was used as the scanner on which Edal and Jano watched Steven and Dodo, with the cameras relaying images from the corridor set. A fourth recording break was scheduled to prepare for the use of dry ice in the corridor set in the lead up to the cliffhanger.



Three views of the Senta's Laboratory set – plus (bottom right) a glimpse inside the City

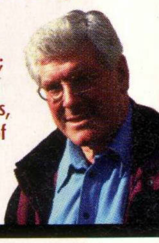
Having completed Episode 3, an extra half-hour was then allocated to record the start of Episode 4 through to 10.15pm. Since the Episode 4 narrative was to continue on directly from Episode 3's climax, again calling for dry ice to be seen flooding the corridor, Barry scheduled the first eight scenes of the next instalment so the troublesome smoke effect would not need to be staged two weeks running. Opening captions were superimposed over shots of the gas. At the very end of the evening, a shot of the empty corridor, as seen by Steven's party, was recorded to be cut in to the closing scenes of Episode 3.

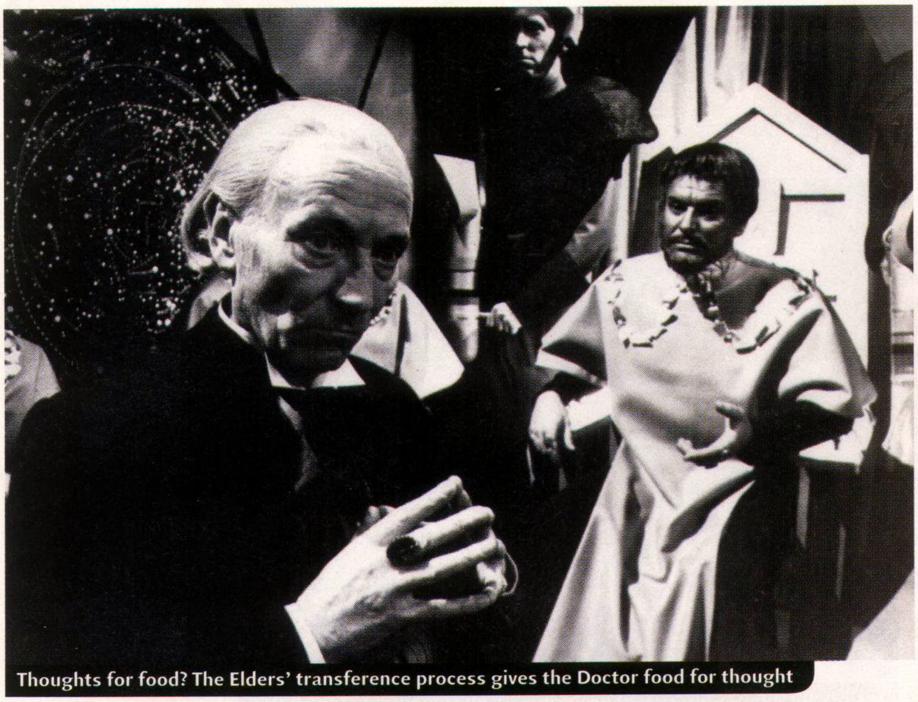
After another week of rehearsals, Episode 4 was recorded on Friday 3 June, picking up from where the previous week's session had left off. As before, recording run-ons were scheduled between the Valley and Scrubland scenes mid-way through the episode to allow prop rocks to be moved. Because there was only one chance to record the scene in which the savages and their allies destroy Senta's laboratory, a recording break was scheduled to allow the cameras to be moved into position; the cast then took great delight in wrecking the 'transference equipment', with a few flash charges detonated as necessary. The TARDIS' departure at the end of the episode was achieved by cross-fading between two photocaptions of the quarry taken during the location shoot – one with the Police Box prop in the frame, and one without. The caption "Next Week: *The War Machines*" was superimposed before the standard closing roller caption. Finally, a cutaway shot of the cave entrance seen from Dodo and Chal's point of view was recorded for insertion earlier in the episode.

Taping of Episode 4 concluded Purves' stint on *Doctor Who*. The actor was relieved to move on, hopefully to more varied television work; nevertheless, he did suggest a possible sequel to *The Savages*, in which the Doctor would return to the planet only to discover that Steven's régime was now every bit as corrupt as the Elders' had been. He was saddened that his working relationship with Hartnell had come to an end, feeling he had learned a great deal from the veteran actor. Purves' departure was also a sad time for Hartnell – who had failed to bond with his new co-stars, Anneke Wills and Michael Craze, during the location shoot for *The War Machines*.

DEPARTURE Peter Purves

During production of *The Savages*, Steven actor Peter Purves told director Christopher Barry that he hoped that his future television career would lead him out of acting and into interviewing and presenting. As it turned out, Purves was out of work for over a year. He later said that he believed this to be 'bad luck' caused by the Trilogic Game prop, which he had kept after recording *The Celestial Toymaker* in April 1966; having thrown it away, he was offered an acting role in *Z Cars* the following week. Soon after, he joined the popular BBC children's magazine programme *Blue Peter* as a presenter in November 1967, remaining with the series through to March 1978. Purves' career blossomed as a presenter and producer; he established his own company, Video Projects, and hosted a number of shows, including *Stopwatch* and *Kick Start*.





Thoughts for food? The Elders' transference process gives the Doctor food for thought

With transmission of *The Savages*, *Doctor Who* returned to the slot immediately before the *News*, beginning at 5.35pm rather than 5.50pm; this placed it opposite the *News* on most ITV regions, overlapping either the end of repeated editions of *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (on ATV-London) or *Huckleberry Hound* (Southern), or the start of shows such as the rural soap *Weavers Green* and the ailing music show *Thank Your Lucky Stars*.

In this new slot, and against such relatively weak competition, *Doctor Who* regained some of the audience share against ITV which it had lost during the *The Gunfighters*. However, although the audience Reaction Index was a vast improvement on *The Gunfighters*, it remained below average for the series – and, with the summer months arriving, *The Savages* actually saw fewer viewers tuning in than for *Doctor Who*'s Western adventure, with the final episode barely making the list of Top 100 shows for the week.

Based on a sample of 141 viewers, an Audience Research Report on Episode 4 of *The Savages* was prepared on Tuesday 19 July. Despite opening with the remark, "At least this particular adventure wasn't one of those boring historical ones and it was miles better than that awful Wild West affair", audience response was generally unenthusiastic; after three years, the appetite for the series was felt to have vanished. Children, however, did not seem to be losing interest, finding it one of the most exciting adventures of late. The standard of acting was found to be most satisfactory, with praise for Solon, Jaeger and Peter Thomas as Captain Edal.

It seems that the 405-line videotapes of *The Savages* were wiped during 1967, although no corroborating documentation has surfaced. BBC Enterprises marketed 16mm film recordings of the serial around the world, with one of the first purchasers being Australia – where the serial was broadcast uncut with a 'G' rating in March 1967, with a repeat showing in April 1968. Other international screenings followed: New Zealand in May 1969; Barbados circa 1968; Zambia circa 1969; Sierra Leone in 1970; and Singapore, where the New Zealand film prints aired in January 1972. By 1974, BBC Enterprises was no longer offering the serial for broadcast; over the coming months, both the films and the negatives were destroyed.

In 1985, Ian Stuart Black was approached by WH Allen, which wanted to publish novelisations of his three *Doctor Who* serials (*The Savages*, *The War Machines* and 1967's *The Macra Terror*); horrified by the notion that another writer could be contracted to adapt his teleplays as prose, Black – who was, by now, working more as a novelist than a scriptwriter – took on the assignments himself. The first of these was *Doctor Who: The Savages*, which fleshed out parts of the original scripts; it was first published in hardback by WH Allen in March 1986 with a cover by David McAllister. A Target Books paperback edition was issued in September 1986; this was reprinted in November 1992, with a new jacket painted by Alister Pearson.

Ten very brief, poor quality extracts from the serial on 8mm 'home movie' film, apparently recorded off-air during an Australian showing, exist. Totalling some 45 seconds, these show: Steven and Dodo in the city corridor in Episode 3; and Steven hiding behind a rock, Dodo talking to the Doctor at the cave, the destruction of the laboratory, plus Steven being chosen as the new leader and his subsequent goodbye to the Doctor and Dodo, all in Episode 4. A complete set of off-screen 'telesnaps' by photographer John Cura survives, as does a privately-recorded off-air copy of the soundtrack. DWM

> **'I like a story that's not just blood and guts and chasing around – but one where you're working out something'**
>
> **Ian Stuart Black**

SERIAL AA THE SAVAGES

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who* with **Frederick Jaeger** *Jano*, **Ewen Solon** *Chal* and **Peter Purves** *Steven*, **Jackie Lane** *Dodo* with **Patrick Godfrey** *Tor*, **Peter Thomas** *Captain Edal*, **Geoffrey Frederick** *Exorse* [1,3-4], **Robert Sidaway** *Avon* [1-2], **Kay Patrick** *Flower* [1-2], **Clare Jenkins** *Nanina*, **Norman Henry** *Senta*, **Edward Caddick** *Wylda* [1-3], **Andrew Lodge** *First Assistant** [2-3], **Christopher Denham** *Second Assistant* [2], **Tony Holland** *Third Assistant* [2], **John Dillon** *Savage* [3], **Tim Goodman** *Guard* [3].
**Billed as Assistant on Episode 3*

EXTRAS **John Raven** *Savage*; **Tony Douglas, Nicholas Edwards, Lionel Wheeler** *Male Elders*; **Fiona Fraser, Lynn Howard, Christina Wass** *Woman Elders*; **Alex Donald, Keith Goodman** *Guards*; **Michael Earl, David Harford, Keith Ashley, Martin Tozer, Gordon Lang** *Citizens*; **Michael Earl, David Harford** *Lab Assistants*; **Gordon Lang** *Savage*; **Royston Farrell** *Male Elder*; **Bill Burridge, Anderson Smith, Robert Pitt** *Savages*; **Nina Ovenden, Olive MacNeil, Jean Gennele Dixon** *Savages (female)*; **Peter Baldwin, Frances Machin, Denise Brown** *Savages (children)*; **David Billa, Scot Hamilton** *Guards*; **Keith Ashley** *Male Elder*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Ian Stuart Black**. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental music composed and conducted by* **Raymond Jones**. *Costumes* **Daphne Dare** [4]. *Make-up* **Sonia Markham** [4]. *Lighting* **Graham Sothcott** [4]. *Sound* **Norman Greaves** [4]. *Story Editor* **Gerry Davis**. *Designer* **Stuart Walker**. *Producer* **Innes Lloyd**. *Directed by* **Christopher Barry**.
NB: it is not possible to determine the exact credits on the closing roller captions

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Episode 1	28 May 1966	5.35-6.00pm	23'41"	4.3M (62nd)	48
Episode 2	4 June 1966	5.35-6.00pm	23'57"	5.6M (50th)	49
Episode 3	11 June 1966	5.35-6.00pm	24'59"	5.0M (66th)	48
Episode 4	18 June 1966	5.35-6.00pm	24'41"	4.5M (93rd)	48

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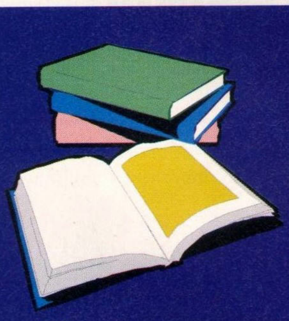
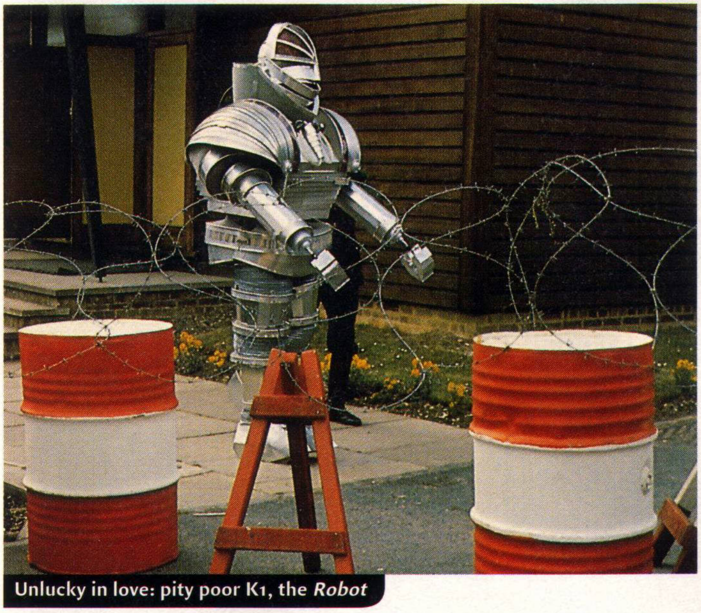


Everything I ever needed to know about life I learned from (the first bit of) the Tom Baker era

Wracked by the agonies of unrequited love? Living in mortal fear of the four-minute warning? Disembodied and stuck in a big glass jar? Rest assured – you're not alone! Continuing his survey of the life lessons to take from the adventures of TV's Doctor Who, Gareth Roberts turns his attention to the years 1974 to 1977 . . .



Unlucky in love: pity poor K1, the *Robot*

ROBOT

You meet someone and fall in love. They seem to like you. You try it on. They say, "No." So you try to kill their best friend. They don't like that. You kidnap them and try to blow up the world. They plead with you not to. You grow to enormous size and position them precariously on top of a tall building and they still don't love you.

Moral

They don't fancy you. They're not going to return your love. Don't stalk them. Once you've started you won't know where to stop

THE ARK IN SPACE

The Doctor blethers on about indomitable humanity in this story. He saves the day by appealing to Noah's human streak of noble self-sacrifice. Er, what about the Wirrn? They've been nearly wiped out by the humans, and their Queen has sacrificed herself so that her dying race might live. But, of course, the Wirrn are big nasty insects. So they deserve to die. So that's all right then.

Moral

Don't moralise unless you're very sure where the high ground lies

THE SONTARAN EXPERIMENT

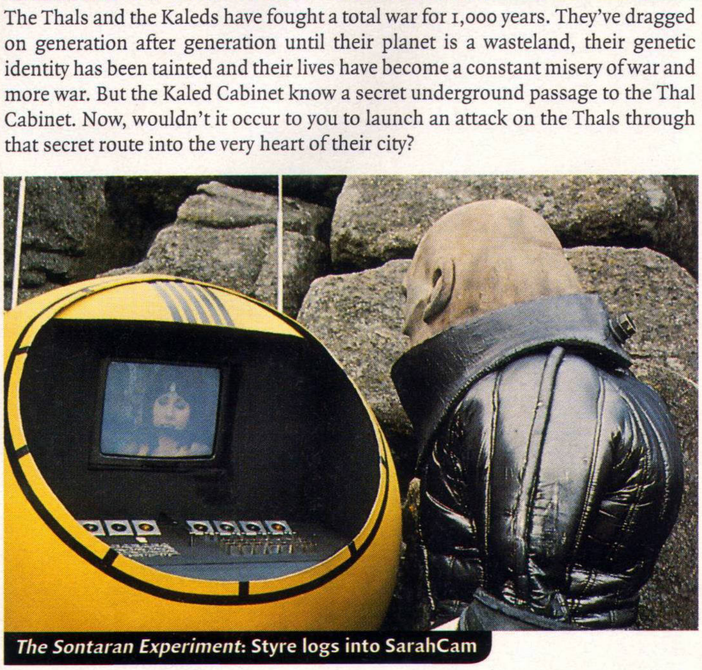
In which the Doctor defeats Styre at his weakest moment – when he returns to his ship to recharge himself. If only Styre had thought to recharge himself overnight before starting the Sontaran experiment.

Moral

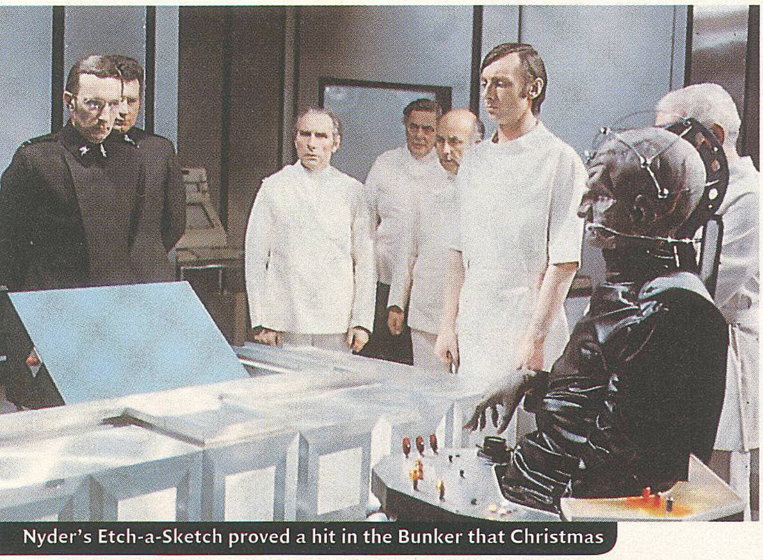
Keep your mobile phone well-charged. Don't let it dry out in the middle of something important – you may need it

GENESIS OF THE DALEKS

The Thals and the Kaleds have fought a total war for 1,000 years. They've dragged on generation after generation until their planet is a wasteland, their genetic identity has been tainted and their lives have become a constant misery of war and more war. But the Kaled Cabinet know a secret underground passage to the Thal Cabinet. Now, wouldn't it occur to you to launch an attack on the Thals through that secret route into the very heart of their city?



The Sontaran Experiment: Styre logs into SarahCam



Nyder's Etch-a-Sketch proved a hit in the Bunker that Christmas

Moral

Think things through. You may have missed something glaringly obvious

REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN

So far we've learned that the invincible Cybermen are allergic to radiation, nail varnish, gravity and strong emotions. Now we discover they are all but wiped out after a war in which their greatest allergy – gold – was used. Voga, the planet of gold, is lost in space. Nobody knows or cares where it is. So what do the inexorably logical Cybermen do as their first act of revenge? Go straight there, put themselves right next to the biggest supply of their deadliest fear and remind everybody about it.

Moral

It's all a game to some people

TERROR OF THE ZYGONS

Or, *Loch, Stock Footage and Two Smoking Harrys*. The Zygons' impersonations of the Duke, Sister Lamont, etc are so obvious that it comes as a genuine shock that the Doctor hasn't seen through them right away.

Moral

Let Zygons be Zygons

PLANET OF EVIL

By the year 37,166 it's a surprise nobody has set up a Possession Advice Bureau for people stricken by alien body horror. Should I tell my friends? Should I keep the afflicted part of my body hidden – or be proud and let it show? Why do my eyes keep glowing a violent red? Why do I feel the overwhelming urge to kill all humans?

Moral

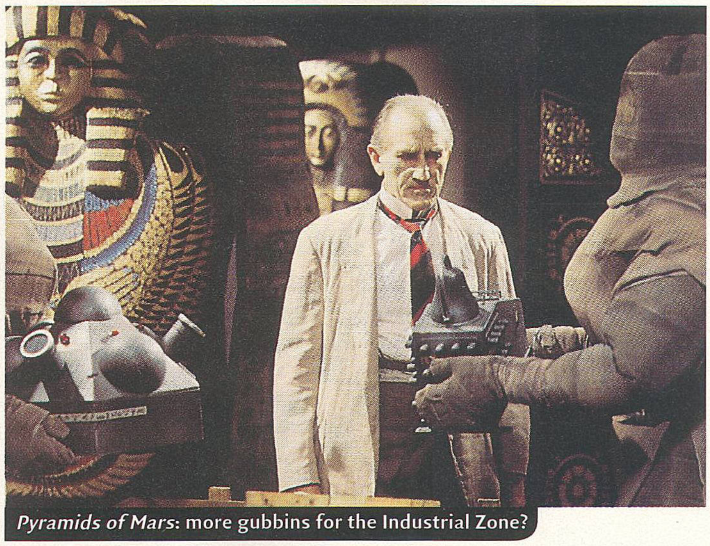
Get that alien infection seen to, quick

PYRAMIDS OF MARS

What was Horus, the mighty leader of the Osirans, thinking when he imprisoned his evil brother Sutekh in a pyramid on Mars? He supposedly wanted to protect the universe from the hideous life-destroying villainy of his sibling. So why leave rocket components, a horde of servant robot mummies and force field generators hanging about? Just to make escaping even easier?

Moral

Don't imprison the most evil being in the cosmos in *The Crystal Maze*



Pyramids of Mars: more gubbins for the Industrial Zone?

THE ANDROID INVASION

Or, *When Harry Met Harry*. In Part Four of this story the Doctor reveals his android detector – a device that will reveal if a person is real or an android. He successfully exposes Colonel Faraday as an android impostor. Makes you wonder why the Doctor didn't bring it out in Parts One, Two and Three. But in a story that features an atomic blast-proof door with mouseholes in it one shouldn't complain.

Moral

Don't think too hard about a load of silly old nonsense

Terror of the Zygons: Harry and Broton – or is it Madra and Broton?

THE BRAIN OF MORBIUS

The brain of Morbius is miserable. It wails and groans, claims that even a sponge enjoys a better life, has been through several image changes and swears revenge on its former allies. It's obviously not the brain of Morbius, but the brain of 1980s indie idol Morrissey.

Moral

Be sure whose brain you're talking to

THE SEEDS OF DOOM

Throughout this adventure, the Doctor likes to kick people, twist necks, indulge in a spot of pistol-whipping and shout things like, "Scorby! Get DunBARRR!!!" Which begs the question: what exactly *was* he up to when he got the call from the World Ecology Bureau? 'Cos something's got him in a right mood . . .

Moral

Don't ring people up when they're in bed. They'll be bad-tempered for hours afterwards

Frank Spencer or Max Bygraves? The Doctor makes a big impression in *The Masque of Mandragora*

THE MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA

Here we rediscover one of the Doctor's hidden talents – impressions. It makes you wonder why he doesn't use it to finish every adventure, like a time-travelling Alistair McGowan. In every story he could dress up as the villain, impersonate their voice, and get their followers to walk into a trap. But perhaps if he'd been that good a mimic, he could've stayed on Gallifrey and been a big star, satirising Borusa and Chancellor Flavia. It would have been called *Dr Who Do You Do?*

Moral

You might have been better off sticking with your first career

THE HAND OF FEAR

The BBC's horrific drama-documentary *Threads* has just been released on video. It details the filth, degradation and nightmarish loss of common humanity endured by a Sheffield family following a nuclear attack. Many viewers on the original transmission were traumatised and had nightmares, some for years afterwards. How relieved they'd have been had they known that when nuclear missiles are dropped directly on top of a nuclear power station, all you have to do is crouch for cover behind a van and put your fingers in your ears so they don't pop.

Moral

Don't worry, be happy

THE DEADLY ASSASSIN

The people in your year in college are always going to be there. You were studying the same thing, after all, and probably have roughly the same ambitions and aspirations. The day you walk out of college you think you've seen the last of them, but you're wrong. They will turn up in your life, some in positions of power. So try not to let grudges fester, and say goodbye to everyone politely. Or they may try to frame you for an assassination, hunt you down through virtual reality and drag you and everything you know and love into the heart of a black star.

Moral

Be nice to your peers

THE FACE OF EVIL

There's a school of thought which says that all religions seem silly if you're looking in from the outside. But it should be obvious to anyone that wearing a rubber glove on your head is just daft by anybody's standards.

Moral

Beware fashion items

THE ROBOTS OF DEATH

"We will be irresistible," lisps the heavily mascara-ed Taren Capel on his final ego trip around the Sandminer. Capel was supposedly raised by robots. So who exactly taught him to apply his make-up so perfectly? Perhaps the robot revolution is just a big excuse to put on lashings of lovely lippy.

Moral

If you want to dress up, you don't need an excuse

THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG

"Let the talons of Weng-Chiang shreeeed your fleeeessssshhh!!!" screams Magnus Greel at one point – just one in a long line of characters desperate to say the title of the story they're in if they can. See also: "I've never seen such a state of decay"; "Roll up for a carnival of monsters!"; and, "Let this be your last battlefield!" (But sadly not: "I've never seen such an unearthly child"; "Roll up for time and the Rani!"; or, "Let this be your last Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve!")

Moral

You can be too self-referential

DWM

Engin and the Doctor ponder the Master's latest Rag Week wheeze

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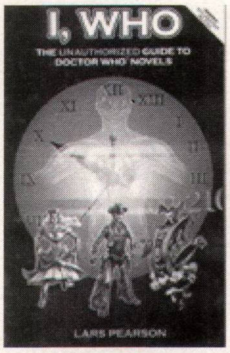
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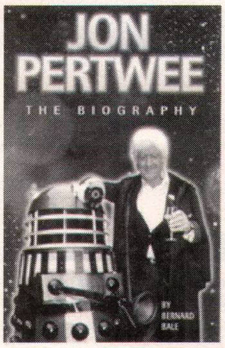
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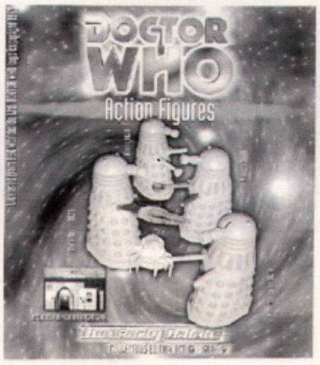
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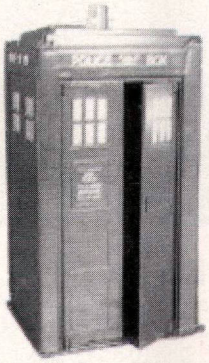

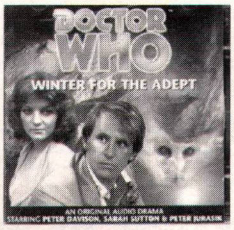
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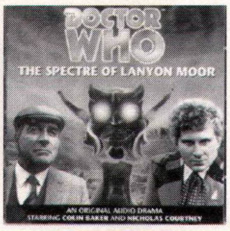
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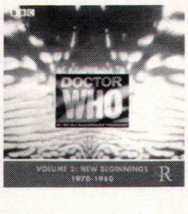
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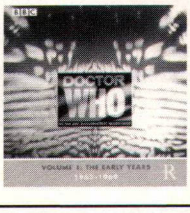
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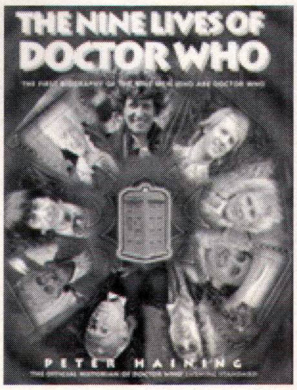
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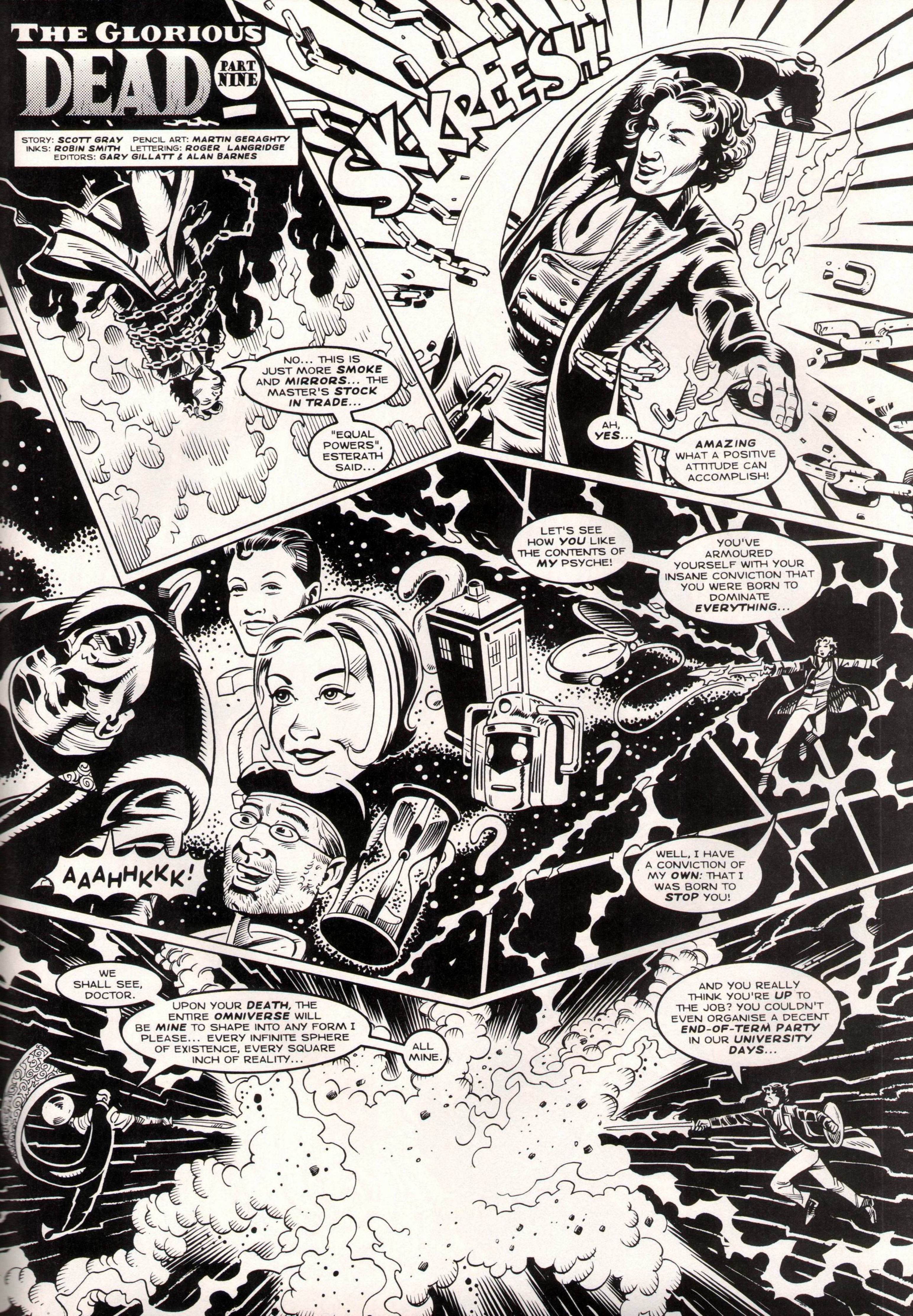
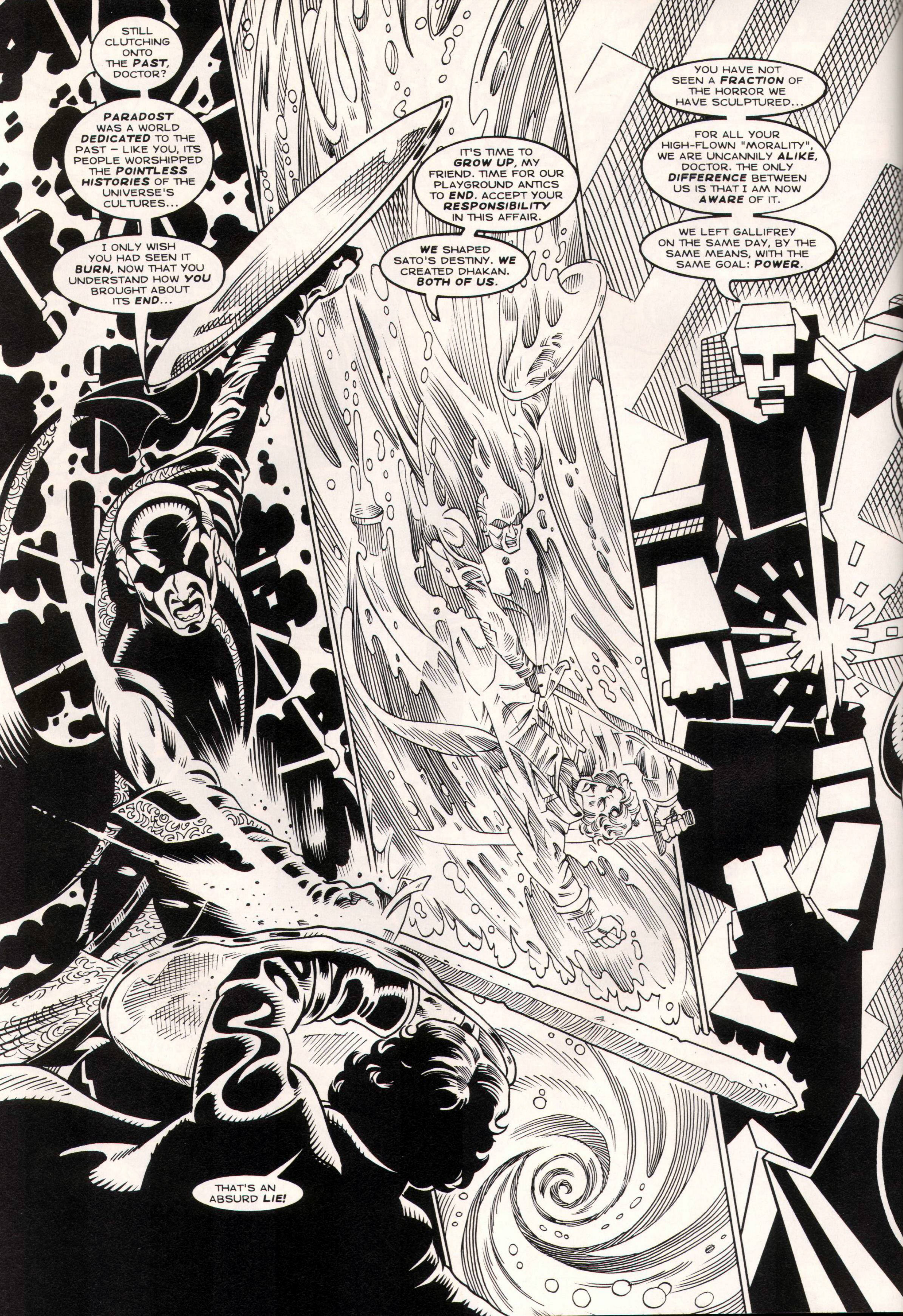
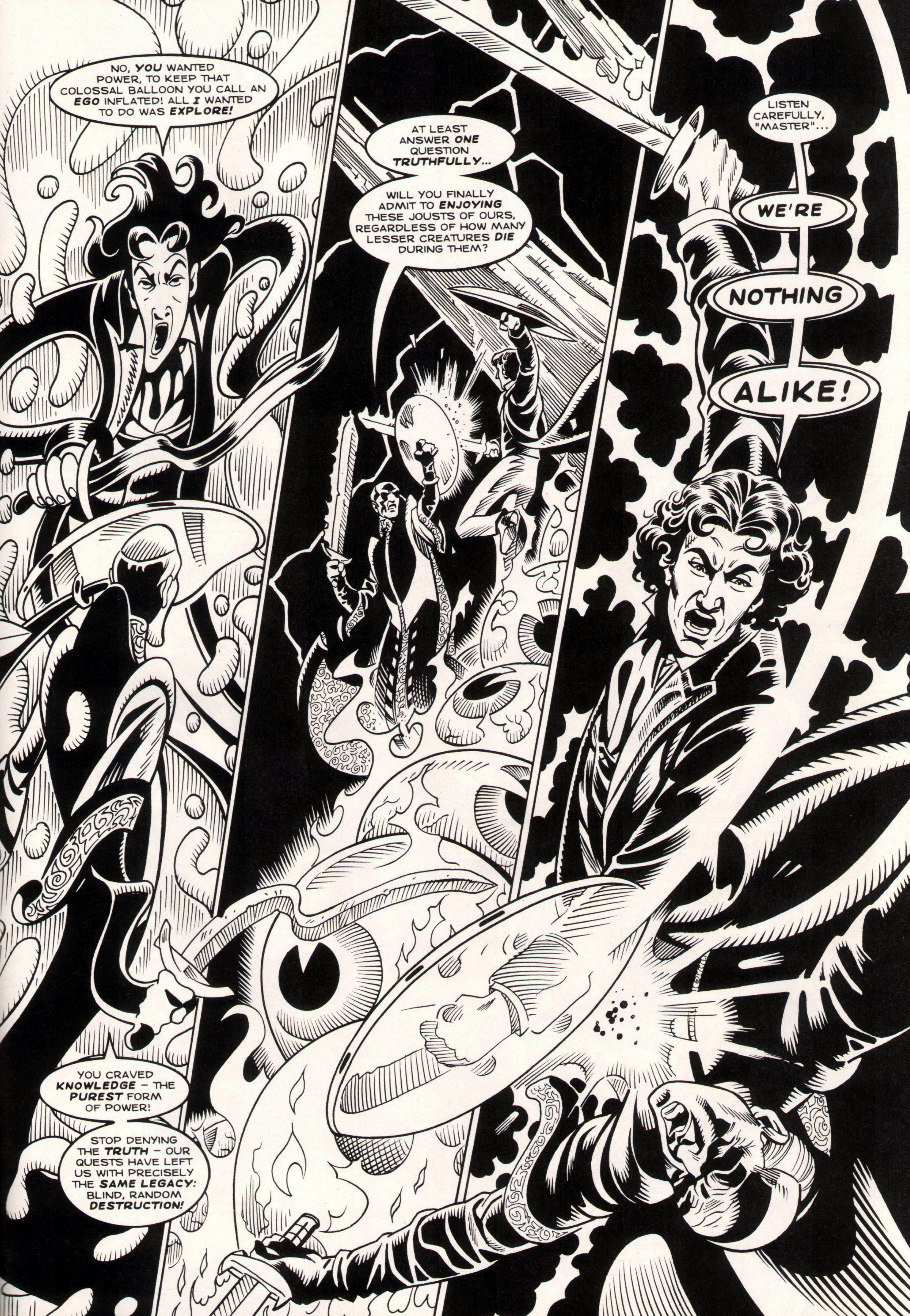
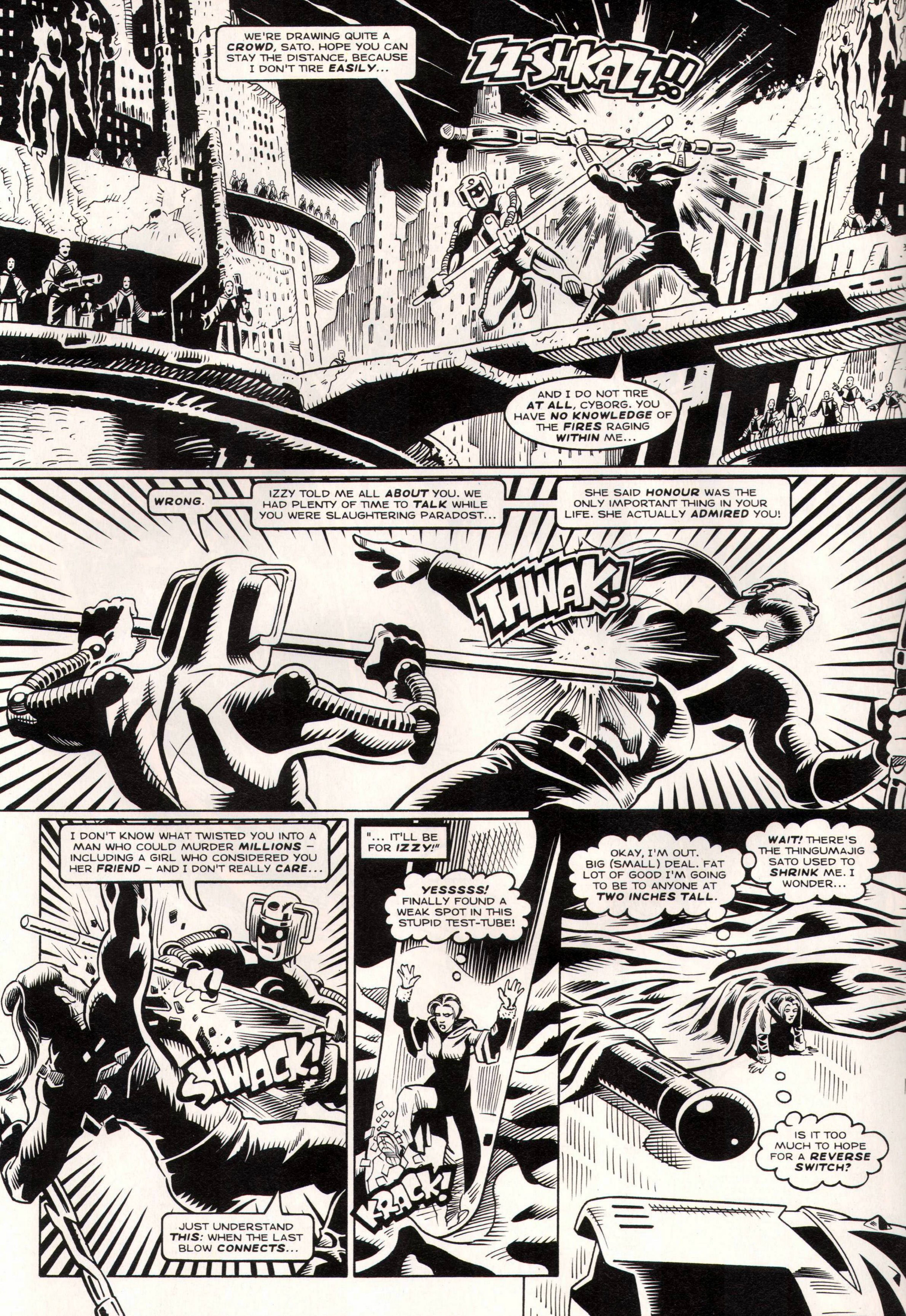
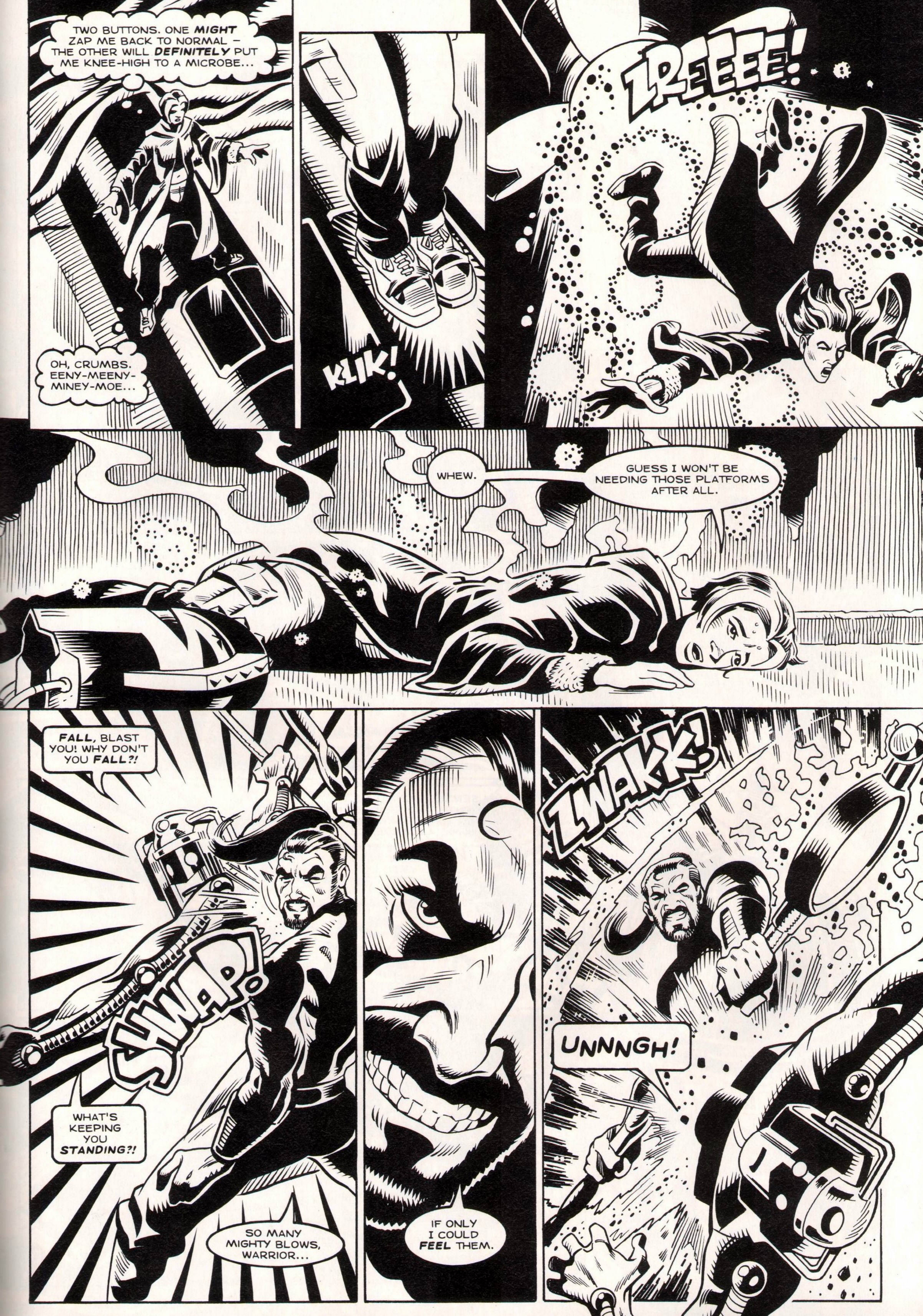
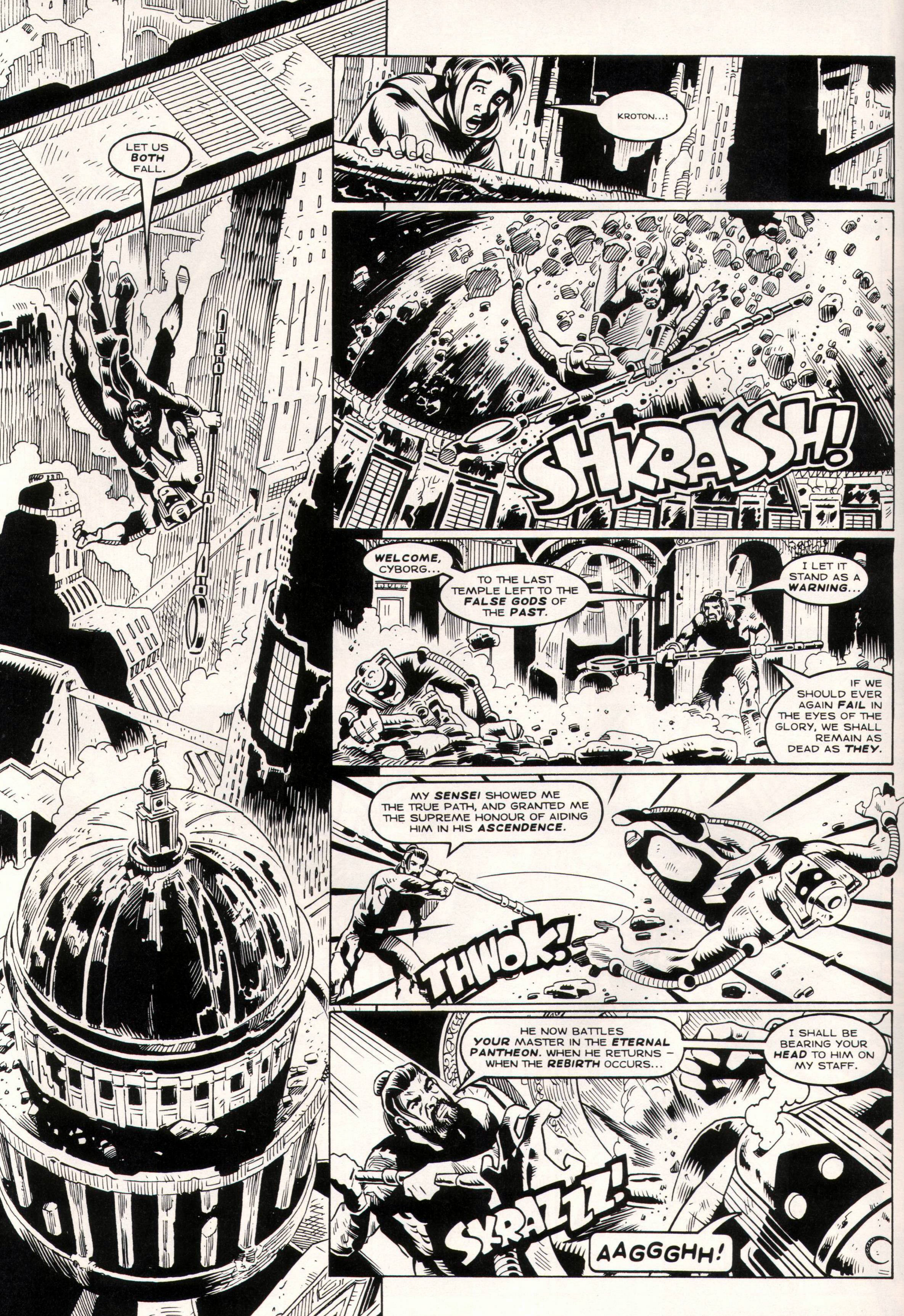

NO... THIS IS JUST MORE SMOKE AND MIRRORS... THE MASTER'S STOCK IN TRADE...
"EQUAL POWERS", ESTERATH SAID...
SKREESH!
AH, YES...
AMAZING WHAT A POSITIVE ATTITUDE CAN ACCOMPLISH!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE CONTENTS OF MY PSYCHE!
YOU'VE ARMOURED YOURSELF WITH YOUR INSANE CONVICTION THAT YOU WERE BORN TO DOMINATE EVERYTHING...
AAAHHKKK!
WELL, I HAVE A CONVICTION OF MY OWN: THAT I WAS BORN TO STOP YOU!
WE SHALL SEE, DOCTOR.
UPON YOUR DEATH, THE ENTIRE OMNIVERSE WILL BE MINE TO SHAPE INTO ANY FORM I PLEASE... EVERY INFINITE SPHERE OF EXISTENCE, EVERY SQUARE INCH OF REALITY...
ALL MINE.
AND YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE UP TO THE JOB? YOU COULDN'T EVEN ORGANISE A DECENT END-OF-TERM PARTY IN OUR UNIVERSITY DAYS...

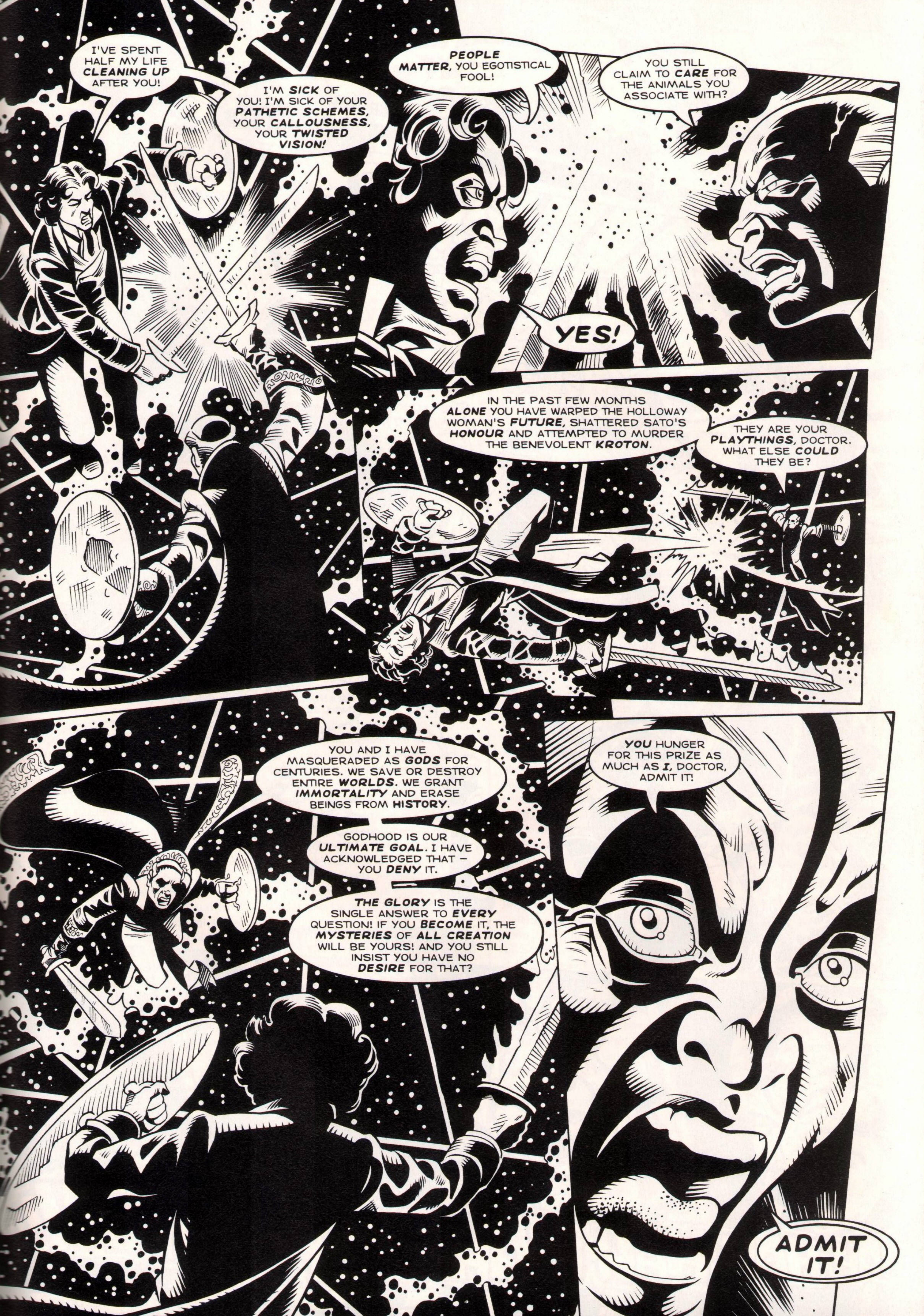

STILL CLUTCHING ONTO THE **PAST,** DOCTOR?
PARADOST WAS A WORLD **DEDICATED** TO THE PAST – LIKE YOU, ITS PEOPLE WORSHIPPED THE **POINTLESS HISTORIES** OF THE UNIVERSE'S CULTURES...
I ONLY WISH YOU HAD SEEN IT **BURN,** NOW THAT YOU UNDERSTAND HOW **YOU** BROUGHT ABOUT ITS **END**...
IT'S TIME TO **GROW UP,** MY FRIEND. TIME FOR OUR PLAYGROUND ANTICS TO **END**. ACCEPT YOUR **RESPONSIBILITY** IN THIS AFFAIR.
WE SHAPED SATO'S DESTINY. **WE** CREATED DHAKAN. **BOTH OF US.**
YOU HAVE NOT SEEN A **FRACTION** OF THE HORROR WE HAVE SCULPTURED...
FOR ALL YOUR HIGH-FLOWN "MORALITY", WE ARE UNCANNILY **ALIKE,** DOCTOR. THE ONLY **DIFFERENCE** BETWEEN US IS THAT I AM NOW **AWARE** OF IT.
WE LEFT GALLIFREY ON THE SAME DAY, BY THE SAME MEANS, WITH THE SAME GOAL: **POWER.**
THAT'S AN ABSURD **LIE!**

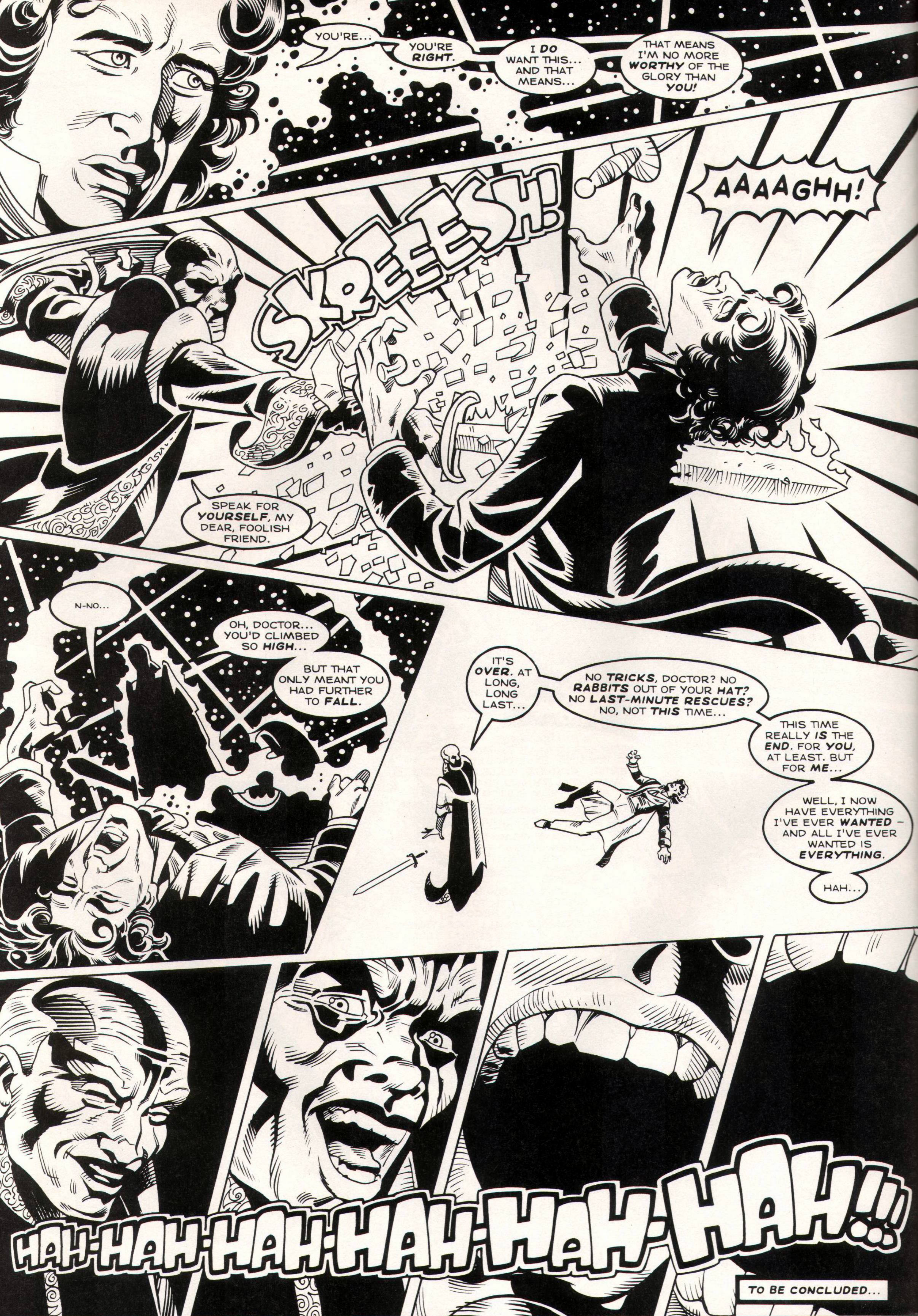

NO, **YOU** WANTED POWER, TO KEEP THAT COLOSSAL BALLOON YOU CALL AN **EGO** INFLATED! ALL **I** WANTED TO DO WAS **EXPLORE!**
AT LEAST ANSWER **ONE** QUESTION ***TRUTHFULLY***...
WILL YOU FINALLY ADMIT TO **ENJOYING** THESE JOUSTS OF OURS, REGARDLESS OF HOW MANY LESSER CREATURES **DIE** DURING THEM?
LISTEN CAREFULLY, "MASTER"...
WE'RE
NOTHING
ALIKE!
YOU CRAVED **KNOWLEDGE** – THE **PUREST** FORM OF POWER!
STOP DENYING THE **TRUTH** – OUR QUESTS HAVE LEFT US WITH PRECISELY THE **SAME LEGACY:** BLIND, RANDOM **DESTRUCTION!**


WE'RE DRAWING QUITE A CROWD, SATO. HOPE YOU CAN STAY THE DISTANCE, BECAUSE I DON'T TIRE EASILY...
ZZ-SHKAZZ!!
AND I DO NOT TIRE AT ALL, CYBORG. YOU HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE FIRES RAGING WITHIN ME...
WRONG.
IZZY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU. WE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO TALK WHILE YOU WERE SLAUGHTERING PARADOST...
SHE SAID HONOUR WAS THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN YOUR LIFE. SHE ACTUALLY ADMIRED YOU!
THWAK!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TWISTED YOU INTO A MAN WHO COULD MURDER MILLIONS – INCLUDING A GIRL WHO CONSIDERED YOU HER FRIEND – AND I DON'T REALLY CARE...
SHWACK!
JUST UNDERSTAND THIS: WHEN THE LAST BLOW CONNECTS...
"... IT'LL BE FOR IZZY!"
YESSSSS! FINALLY FOUND A WEAK SPOT IN THIS STUPID TEST-TUBE!
KRACK!
OKAY, I'M OUT. BIG (SMALL) DEAL. FAT LOT OF GOOD I'M GOING TO BE TO ANYONE AT TWO INCHES TALL.
WAIT! THERE'S THE THINGUMAJIG SATO USED TO SHRINK ME. I WONDER...
IS IT TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR A REVERSE SWITCH?


TWO BUTTONS. ONE MIGHT ZAP ME BACK TO NORMAL – THE OTHER WILL DEFINITELY PUT ME KNEE-HIGH TO A MICROBE...
OH, CRUMBS. EENY-MEENY-MINEY-MOE...
KLIK!
ZREEEE!
WHEW.
GUESS I WON'T BE NEEDING THOSE PLATFORMS AFTER ALL.
FALL, BLAST YOU! WHY DON'T YOU FALL?!
SHWAP!
WHAT'S KEEPING YOU STANDING?!
SO MANY MIGHTY BLOWS, WARRIOR...
IF ONLY I COULD FEEL THEM.
ZWAKK!
UNNNGH!


LET US BOTH FALL.
KROTON...!
SHKRASSH!
WELCOME, CYBORG...
TO THE LAST TEMPLE LEFT TO THE FALSE GODS OF THE PAST.
I LET IT STAND AS A WARNING...
IF WE SHOULD EVER AGAIN FAIL IN THE EYES OF THE GLORY, WE SHALL REMAIN AS DEAD AS THEY.
MY SENSEI SHOWED ME THE TRUE PATH, AND GRANTED ME THE SUPREME HONOUR OF AIDING HIM IN HIS ASCENDENCE.
THWOK!
HE NOW BATTLES YOUR MASTER IN THE ETERNAL PANTHEON. WHEN HE RETURNS – WHEN THE REBIRTH OCCURS...
I SHALL BE BEARING YOUR HEAD TO HIM ON MY STAFF.
SKRAZZZZ!
AAGGGHH!

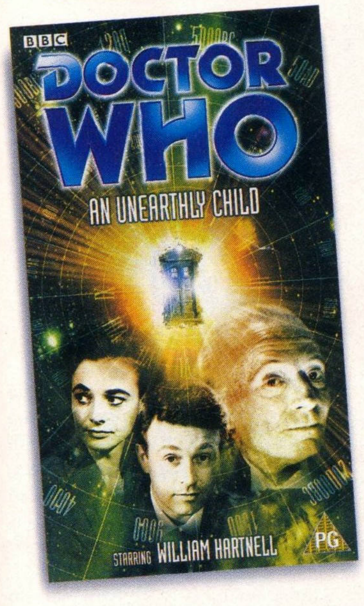

I'VE SPENT HALF MY LIFE CLEANING UP AFTER YOU!
I'M SICK OF YOU! I'M SICK OF YOUR PATHETIC SCHEMES, YOUR CALLOUSNESS, YOUR TWISTED VISION!
PEOPLE MATTER, YOU EGOTISTICAL FOOL!
YOU STILL CLAIM TO CARE FOR THE ANIMALS YOU ASSOCIATE WITH?
YES!
IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS ALONE YOU HAVE WARPED THE HOLLOWAY WOMAN'S FUTURE, SHATTERED SATO'S HONOUR AND ATTEMPTED TO MURDER THE BENEVOLENT KROTON.
THEY ARE YOUR PLAYTHINGS, DOCTOR. WHAT ELSE COULD THEY BE?
YOU AND I HAVE MASQUERADED AS GODS FOR CENTURIES. WE SAVE OR DESTROY ENTIRE WORLDS. WE GRANT IMMORTALITY AND ERASE BEINGS FROM HISTORY.
GODHOOD IS OUR ULTIMATE GOAL. I HAVE ACKNOWLEDGED THAT – YOU DENY IT.
THE GLORY IS THE SINGLE ANSWER TO EVERY QUESTION! IF YOU BECOME IT, THE MYSTERIES OF ALL CREATION WILL BE YOURS! AND YOU STILL INSIST YOU HAVE NO DESIRE FOR THAT?
YOU HUNGER FOR THIS PRIZE AS MUCH AS I, DOCTOR, ADMIT IT!
ADMIT IT!


YOU'RE...
YOU'RE **RIGHT**.
I **DO** WANT THIS... AND THAT MEANS...
THAT MEANS I'M NO MORE **WORTHY** OF THE GLORY THAN **YOU!**
SKREEESH!
AAAAGHH!
SPEAK FOR **YOURSELF**, MY DEAR, FOOLISH FRIEND.
N-NO...
OH, DOCTOR... YOU'D CLIMBED SO **HIGH**...
BUT THAT ONLY MEANT YOU HAD FURTHER TO **FALL**.
IT'S **OVER**. AT LONG, LONG LAST...
NO **TRICKS**, DOCTOR? NO **RABBITS** OUT OF YOUR **HAT?** NO **LAST-MINUTE RESCUES?** NO, NOT **THIS** TIME...
THIS TIME REALLY **IS** THE **END**. FOR **YOU**, AT LEAST. BUT FOR **ME**...
WELL, I NOW HAVE EVERYTHING I'VE EVER **WANTED** – AND ALL I'VE EVER WANTED IS **EVERYTHING**.
HAH...
HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!!!
TO BE CONCLUDED...

Shelf Life

With **Vanessa Bishop**

DOCTOR WHO: AN UNEARTHLY CHILD



Video BBC Video **Featuring** The First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara **RRP** £12.99 **Cat No** BBCV 6959 **Available** 4 September

A near-flawless example of Stone Age television

Now this seems familiar. Wasn't it only a few months ago that *Shelf Life* was reassessing *Doctor Who*'s first episode? Yes it was – albeit in its Pilot form. Looking back, all *that* review missed was the musical backing of Elgar's *Nimrod* – and, returning to that junkyard in Totters Lane, you can take it as read that I've gushed about it, equally impassioned, all over again.

Let's focus instead on the story's 'caveman' episodes. *The Cave of Skulls*, *The Forest of Fear* and *The Firemaker* are among *Doctor Who*'s best-kept secrets – so much so, we've even kept them from ourselves. Aren't we all guilty of reaching for the remote control as the last credit fades from *An Unearthly Child* – an episode so self-contained, it's easy to mistake it for the whole of *Doctor Who*'s beginning? But switching off leaves the story only half-told. How will the time travellers and the kidnapped schoolteachers react to one another? How will Ian and Barbara survive, ripped from the familiarity of 1960s London? Simply stepping out of the TARDIS is never going to be this good, this involving or this well-written ever again. Add to this Susan's explanation for the TARDIS' Police Box shell, the Doctor challenging Ian's preconceptions about Time and his describing the wonders of alien worlds . . . The second episode contains just as many gems, and is packed with just as many firsts, as the opening part.

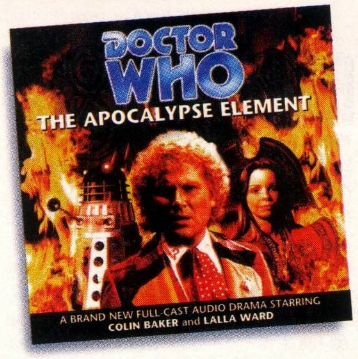
It's difficult, rewatching these episodes, to see why they've never really made an impact on our appreciation. They may not be as *avant garde* as the first – but, spun out from as simple an idea as the quest for fire, they are thick with politics, conspiracy and subterfuge. Anthony Coburn's script uses language in a much more complicated way than its primitive setting suggests. The savages exchange pearls of wisdom in their broken English – and the fur-clad performers make it all a lot less awkward than it could be, with only Howard Lang, as the elder father, mucking it up with a fifth-rate King Lear.

Far from being a false start, as some commentators would have it, the caveman story is right in all respects. Encountering Neolithic Man is the best possible illustration of time travel the programme could have chosen; in such a simple, character-driven drama, we get to know our heroes more quickly – they're not swamped by science fiction gabble or involved historical details. The script draws many astute parallels between the tribe and the time travellers: the tribe's leadership struggle is reflected in the sparring between Ian and the Doctor, and Ian's confusion about the TARDIS is echoed by Za's confusion about fire.

At a technical level (which, to the lay viewer, means noticing the director's choice of shots), the story proves itself even more impressive. Waris Hussein gives the lie to the oft-repeated claim about Lime Grove's clumsy and limiting studio facilities by offering blends, mixes and fades, shots through rocks, through leaves, behind people and behind fire. He continually frames scenes to include both background and foreground action. He pans, twice using children to take our eye further into the cave – and, when given film to play with, as in Kal and Za's flame-lit fight, he cuts frenetically.

Played with total conviction, Barbara's reactions in *The Forest of Fear* are as real as it gets. *An Unearthly Child* is a production without equal in 1960s *Doctor Who*. Leave the remote where it is.

DOCTOR WHO: THE APOCALYPSE ELEMENT


DOCTOR WHO
THE APOCALYPSE ELEMENT
A BRAND NEW FULL-CAST AUDIO DRAMA STARRING
COLIN BAKER and LALLA WARD

Audio drama Big Finish Productions **Featuring** The Sixth Doctor & Evelyn **RRP** £13.99 double CD/£9.99 double cassette **Available** Now

A Dalek assault on Gallifrey gets shot down in flames in this cluttered would-be spectacular

From the lack of fire to a Dalek scheme which threatens to torch the universe, things are hotting up in this month's *Shelf Life* – and we haven't even reached *The Burning* yet.

The plot: there are two planets, plus Gallifrey. On one, there's a time travel summit attended by a babble of delegates (which asks us to stretch our immediate reference point, *The Curse of Peladon*, to a crowd spectacle more of George Lucas' making). The other planet has been missing for 20 years – as has Romana. But both are about to make an unexpected return . . .

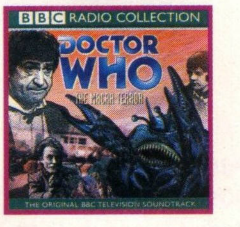
Over these locations, writer Stephen Cole pours Daleks – bucketloads of them, both the full metal jacket variety and the squeaking, embryonic mutant type. The Doctor, meanwhile, is in the Gravity Wells, getting paintballed with Dalek membrane. Nearby, somebody else is screaming their larynx sore as if they're getting paid by the breath. Around the corner is an assault course through Time Lord icons, something esoteric about crystals and a galaxy which sounds like a car's registration number.

It's an unwanted nightmare to hear Big Finish repeat the mistakes of the two Jon Pertwee radio plays. Every sentence contorts with too much plot, as if Cole had submitted four storylines and Big Finish had commissioned them all. The dialogue thumps to the floor. Actors aren't given anything meaningful to say, or any room in which to say it. Instead, event piles on top of event until it all just collides into one endless sound effect. Invading this, exterminating that, crash, bang, wallop – the thing just sits in your stereo making noise at you.

Most of *The Apocalypse Element*'s flaws are built in, many deriving from the misconception that if you stitch together all of *Doctor Who*'s greatest bits, you'll get something greater still. Daleks zapping at the gowned feet of Time Lords has been top of fannish wish-lists forever – but, like a Daleks v Cybermen Celebrity Deathmatch, it's a battle best left to Harlequin miniatures. These stories – the 'all-star' type – are never arrived at naturally. Instead of being special, they feel compromised.

Having said that, Part Three, in which the action shifts to Gallifrey, is probably the strongest. At least it stays still and, in comparison to the previous two, offers some hope that one might be able to follow it. It's quite unnecessary for *The Apocalypse Element* to be this hectic. The listener isn't going to fall asleep over a thoughtful script, but will drift if fed the rush and tear of an action movie. Audio certainly needs to keep your interest, but it doesn't need to drown you. Episodes like these show suspense and atmosphere the door – and, in doing that, *Doctor Who* loses two of its most faithful standbys.

Performances are mixed. Colin



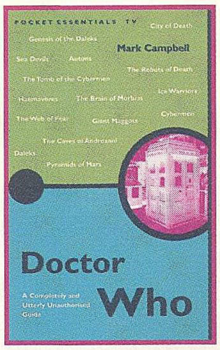
DOCTOR WHO: THE MACRA TERROR

BBC Radio Collection

£13.99

1984 gets a *Doctor Who* re-mix. A brainwashed society and its totalitarian core fuse with an element somehow overlooked in George Orwell's original – giant, gas-gobbling crustaceans. But the crabs can't save *The Macra Terror* from sinking. The story burns up its source too fast, and runs out of comment too quickly. Shifting from the intriguing contradiction of an oppressive holiday camp, the serial hurtles downmarket, ending a much hollower piece, repetitive and increasingly reliant on its stiff-clawed monsters for incident.

Audio fails its tunnel-bound latter half, the silent Macra requiring a much greater presence than the scant, re-used linking material and Colin Baker's ho-hum delivery can offer. *The Macra Terror* concludes on empty episodes coughed and spluttered by its main cast, with only a late run-in with the cheerleaders, and their abrasive, phoney morale-boosting chants, to remind us what the story threw away.



POCKET ESSENTIALS: DOCTOR WHO

Pocket Essentials £2.99

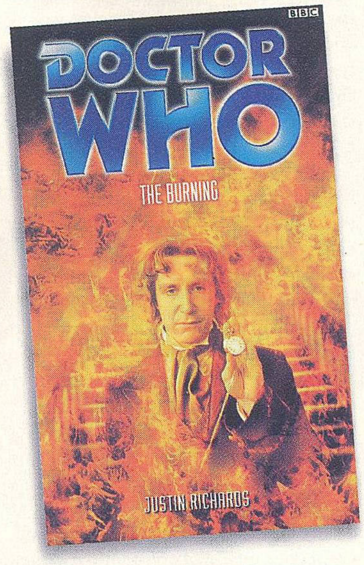
At once both a cut-price *Programme Guide* and a half-cooked *Television Companion*, how appropriate that Pocket Essentials scores every Doctor Who story out of five instead of ten. Given its stated purpose is to interest a new, younger audience, I can think of few ventures as ill-judged as this to do it. Compiler Mark Campbell's opening essay kills the book dead. Downbeat and horribly uneven – skip a line and you'll miss the first two Doctors completely – the writing comes unstuck with prejudiced and contradictory views of the 1980s. His call for better scripts throughout this period is fine – but when *Timelash* receives four out of five, you feel at a loss as to what Campbell's actually asking for.

Pocket Essentials is diverting for the occasional radical view. It wants to say Season 24 is the best of its decade, but doesn't quite have the nerve. But then, overwhelmingly, it hasn't the room to do justice to any of its aims.

Baker's is down a notch – a couple of notches, in fact. He fails to convince us that the Doctor and Romana have ever shared anything other than a casual acquaintance, and his usual witty asides are too heavy-handed. As Romana, Lalla Ward tries to do something more than just say the words. Her reintroduction – being a rare moment where the script isn't battling the post-production – is better, although the dialogue is somewhat bizarre. The real bum note is Evelyn. After a promising start in *The Marian Conspiracy*, the character needs urgent attention. Her continual jolliness and misplaced chirpy sarcasm takes us, again, right back to Barry Letts, and his dumbed-down radio Sarah Jane. She threatens to become very unwelcome.

The Apocalypse Element is space opera – *The Invasion of Time* with pretensions towards *Logopolis*. Brash but soulless.

DOCTOR WHO: THE BURNING



Novel BBC Books **Author** Justin Richards **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0563 53812 0 **Available** Now

A back-to-basics Eighth Doctor? What the blazes?

To all intents and purposes, July's Eighth Doctor novel, *The Ancestor Cell*, wiped out *Doctor Who* – or at least, the *Doctor Who* we've known for a good 20 years. It was a wrench, of course – almost a primal scream, at times – but you felt the relief. You can still feel it in *The Burning*, which is so unburdened and free of the past it practically floats.

Writer and range consultant Justin Richards has seized the opportunity to slam on the brakes, halting the drip-drip of indigestible storylines which had made the Eighth Doctor books a forum for wildcard theories about the Time Lord and his mythology. *The Burning* is recognition of a painful fact – that whereas *Doctor Who* is eternal, its fiction is not. Some of it is well past its sell-by date. The novels have traditionally sought progression by delving ever deeper into the TV show's legacy. It should be no surprise if, ten years on, that legacy should appear overworked.

The Burning signals a different approach. In the books' most conscientious effort to claim new ground yet, rather than rework the past, it opts to ignore it. So enter that old standby, amnesia. The Doctor's loss of memory from here on is no editorial stroke of genius, but it's about the only option left open with which to clear the decks. With the Doctor's mind wiped clean, Richards succeeds in returning him to a point where, once more, he's genuinely 'Who'? True, not from our perspective – our heads are still crammed with Rassilon, Gallifrey, Sontarans and Cybermen (or worse, with abstract notions – whitewash about being more than just a Time Lord, and so on). But without the Doctor's recall, this past is meaningless, and counts for nothing.

The Burning seeks its new beginning in the simple mining village of Middletown in the year 1889. Like this month's BBC Video, it gives us a Doctor who's new and enigmatic. It's a measure of his 'newness' that, in a wily executed stunt only workable in print, we can be fooled by his introduction, believing – at first – at least three other characters to be him. By the same token, it's why we almost miss the very moment we've been waiting for; the Doctor's eventual appearance is so sudden and uncomplicated that we've almost forgotten it used to be the norm. *The Burning*'s Doctor strolls in from nowhere and evades all questions. It's a blindingly simple approach to *Doctor Who* that's more easy to suggest than stick to. Richards' exclusive concern with the man, not the myth, reveals a discipline and – dare I say it? – humility rare in *Doctor Who* fiction. Maintaining such a relaxed and unpretentious new beginning will be a battle; *Shelf Life* can only hope that the Doctor will be fortunate enough not to encounter anyone – fictional or otherwise – eager to inform him of all the past that he's forgotten.

The story proper is a disaster movie in morning suits in which Middletown's mysteriously ruptured landscape leads, predictably, to chaos and mass destruction. The story's grand, theatrical villain, Roger Nepath, is an utterly evil creation equipped with perfect manners. His dialogue deliciously arch, he's one of the best foes ever to find print.

The Burning, a watershed in the series' printed history, confirms the vast improvement in the Eighth Doctor novels of late. Fresh starts and good stories rarely come together. *The Burning* may prove a hard act to follow, but it sets the very best example.

New readers start here.

DOCTOR WHO: IMPERIAL MOON

Novel BBC Books **Author** Christopher Bulis **Featuring** The Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Kamelion **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 53801 5 **Available** Now

All's Wells in this derring-do space adventure

Imperial Moon is gutsy, enchanting, heroic and often quite barmy. Blatantly stealing from the fantastical romances of HG Wells, Jules Verne and the extraordinarily potty Edgar Rice Burroughs, Christopher Bulis' Moon trip is the epitome of adventure.

However, dropping this type of period fantasy unchanged into *Doctor Who*, and playing the idea of a Victorian Moon expedition for real, gives the novel historical headaches it never satisfactorily overcomes. Of course – aside from its chivalrous *Boys' Own* style of adventure – fathoming the historical anomaly is the reason to keep reading. In many ways it's the novel's trump card, but it has a disappointing resolution, and one can't help thinking that Bulis should have settled for the simpler, although unoriginal, option of a parallel world.

With its tribe of scantily-clad alien Amazons, *Imperial Moon* has a whiff of erotica about it

The novel is better running with the idea than explaining it, delighting in the preposterousness of a Moon dense with jungle and prowling with monsters. Bulis follows the pattern of the Victorian fantasist to the letter, furnishing his landscape with a strange city and a tribe of scantily-clad Amazons.

As the Doctor and Turlough fall in with the Moon explorers, the book takes the inevitable form of a travelogue, where the journey is the story – much how Terry Nation kept the last half of his original Dalek script afloat. But central to the story is a diary which appears to document the Doctor's role in the adventure before he even has it – and here the novel is less like Nation and more like the time paradoxes of Steve Lyons' fancy. Turlough is desperate to read forward, but the Doctor forbids it, less the diary influences their actions and history's eventual outcome. Here, Bulis captures the Fifth Doctor's flustered, breathless reasoning perfectly.

Taking place in a TV season where Tegan departed looking like a leather-skirted hooker and Peri arrived dripping in a wet, pink bikini, perhaps it's not inappropriate that *Imperial Moon* should have a whiff of erotica about it – and it's hardly surprising, given the amount of attention the author pays to the curves of the all-girl Phiadoran tribe, that even Turlough should weaken. Although it's lightly done, Turlough's romance throws the character a line, allowing him to become more than just a whining coward. (It's only a shame Bulis couldn't do the same with Kamelion – by having him fall in love with an ornate chronometer, perhaps . . .)

Towards *Imperial Moon*'s untenable end it, unwisely, changes style – switching suddenly from a fairly undemanding comic strip to the darkness and violence of the *Predator* or *Alien* films. Although dramatic, this is a bad mis-step. A few misjudgements don't damage the majority, however – and this is enjoyably camp stuff, replete with enough breathless peril and naked flesh to make any outraged Victorian let slip his monocle. DWM

DOCTOR WHO

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It's thirty seven years since Doctor Who first cast his spell on a generation of television viewers – a long time to wait for the world's quality figurine manufacturers to pay their tribute. But now it's happened with the launch of a one ninth scale series of cold-cast porcelain look-alike figures from Classic Sheercast of Cheshire, produced under licence from the BBC.

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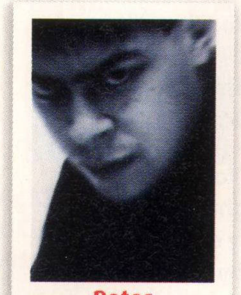
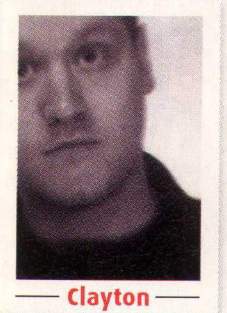
THE TIME TEAM

Their mission: to watch all of Doctor Who. In order. From the start.

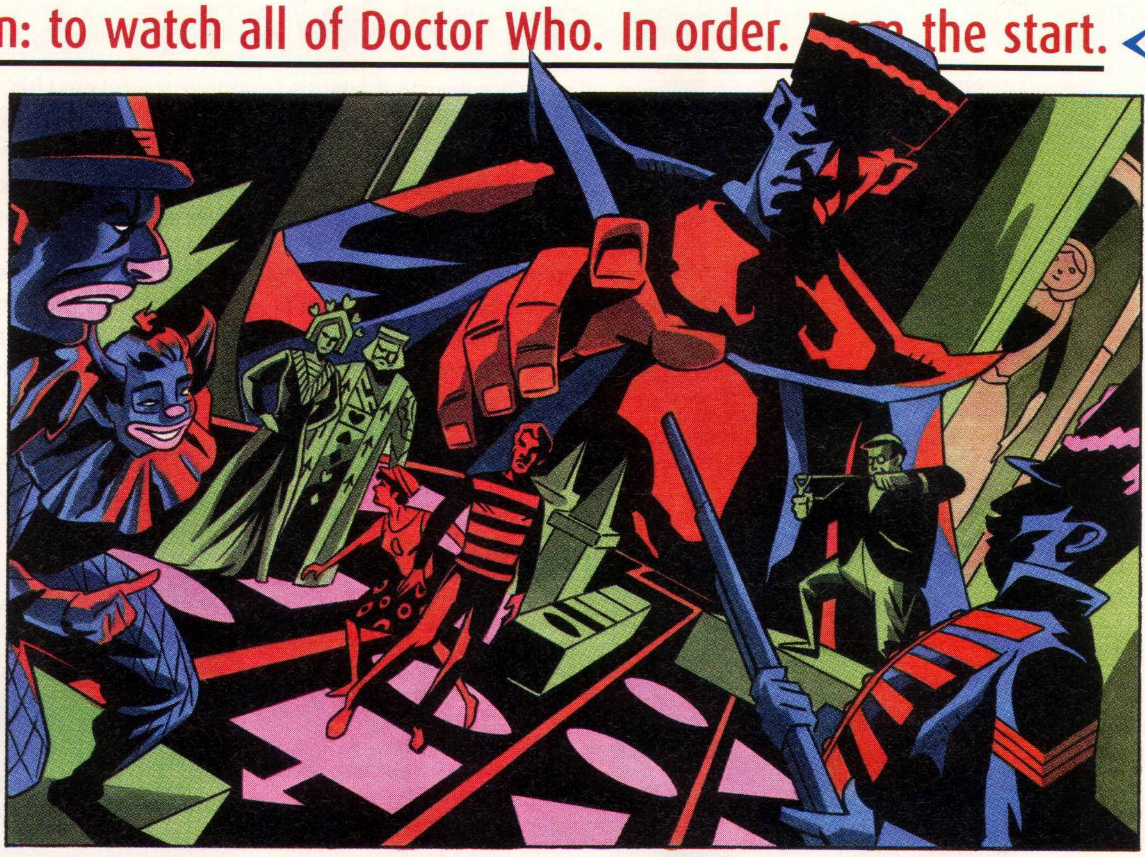

Peter

Richard


Clayton

Jac

Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustration by Adrian Salmon



EPISODES 113 TO 120

Everyone's at Richard's lavishly-appointed country house this month. He's generously provided an attractive finger buffet for the occasion, but there's more traditional food available for those who don't like fingers very much. When the Time Team settle down to rejoin the third quarter of our audio adventures in the Celestial Toyroom, Richard informs them that only three of his armchairs are safe and one is deadly. As everyone else is already seated, Clayton cautiously opts for the beanbag.

Our first episode today is *The Dancing Floor*. Last time, Steven, Dodo and the viewers were left with a riddle entreating them to: "Hunt the key to fit the door." Nothing too cryptic there, surely?

"Sheesh!" sighs Jac. "Five minutes and lots of prompting from incidental characters later, Steven and Dodo finally work out what they have to do in order to get the door open. Hunt a key! Who'd have thought it?"

Those incidental characters are the cook, Mrs Wiggs, the blustering Sergeant Rugg and kitchen boy Cyril. They seem strangely familiar. "No wonder the Toymaker wants to lure some new blood into his Toyroom," comments Clay. "He's only got about three people working for him. And a variety of wigs." And Ruggs.

The search for the key, everyone agrees, is tedious in the extreme. "My two main problems with this story are the long, dull sequences like this where nothing happens," says Jac. "And Steven and Dodo are both acting so utterly *thick*. It's quite ridiculous. They know this stuff can kill, and yet they launch into stupid acts without even considering the riddles that the Toymaker's given them. He might as well not have bothered."

After much shouting and clatter of kitchenware, the blessed key is finally found. Then there's a trip across a not-too-deadly dancefloor which might have been stylish and sinister on screen, but its subtleties are lost on audio. This takes us to the concluding instalment of this tale, *The Final Test* – "*. . . of the Viewers' Patience?*" mutters Jac.

The Doctor's been absent from two episodes, with only his disembodied right hand kept busy on the fiendishly repetitive Trilogic Game – but now he's returned, and on video too. "I'm so glad Hartnell's back," says Clay. "It feels like he's hardly been in the series recently."

Steven and Dodo now have to play a kind of deadly Ludo with the crapulous schoolboy Cyril – his introductory line "My friends call my Billy" showing that the Toymaker laughs in the face of copyright law. Not unexpectedly, l'il Cyril don't play fair, provoking another "sheesh" from Jac. "And Dodo's lack of intelligence strikes again! An obviously nasty cheater who is their opponent in a race to the death says he's been a bit hurt. Is she at all suspicious? Oh no!"

"This is deeply dull," says Clayton. "Literally a game of Snakes and Ladders for half an hour. Could the Toymaker be any less imaginative? It's little enough fun watching someone playing a board game if you aren't joining in, without seeing it on the telly too." A fair point, which perhaps explains why Ker-Plunk! isn't yet an Olympic discipline . . .

The climax is rather confusing, as the Doctor saves his *côterie* from the Toymaker by instructing the Trilogic Game to complete its apocalyptic final move. Richard shakes his head. "It's a pity that it's not clearer that the Doctor is imitating the Toymaker's voice," he says. "The sentence the Doctor shouts is too short to tell, so it's left to his explanation to make sense of it."

Jac voices the group opinion of this tale, long-championed by older fans. "This has hugely disappointed me. It's a wonderful idea with so much potential, but it's terminally dull in execution. I was expecting to love it, but nowhere near."

"I don't think anything has been such hard going," adds Clay. "Except maybe *The Web Planet* – but that *was* two parts longer!"

Whassup? The Doctor has hurt a tooth on one of Cyril's sweets, prompting a knowing smirk from Peter, our resident dentist. Next stop is the Old West town of Tombstone, where the Doctor searches for someone to cure his toothache. Will it really be *A Holiday For the Doctor?*

"Hey! This is more like it!" chuckles Jac. "A jolly title, a fun atmosphere, witty lines and a groovy song!"

The song in question is *The Ballad of the*

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00138
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00030
One or more regulars incarcerated	00042

Last Chance Saloon. Every few minutes a new verse is belted out by Lynda Baron.

"What a unique way of storytelling this is," says Richard approvingly. "Once again, *Doctor Who* is breaking the mould for established drama. I don't know why everyone moans about it so much. I think it works rather well."

Peter is also enjoying the unfamiliar feel to this rootin', tootin' Western adventure. "It really is a holiday for the TARDIS crew – for the first time in ages they're not involved in a problem that threatens an entire civilisation."

So, thumbs-up already for the much maligned *The Gunfighters*. Donald *Myth Makers* Cotton is our writer, and his subtle humour again underpins this story of the vengeful Clanton brothers' quest for vengeance against the shifty-but-strangely adorable Doc Holliday – gunslinger and novelty dentist.

"Oh no, I can't look!" squeals authentic orthodontist Peter. "Holliday is using a pair of upper molar forceps to remove a lower molar tooth! The horror!"

"A round of applause for William Hartnell!" exclaims Clay. "His performance is absolutely fantastic. He seems so relaxed and flippant all of a sudden. He's got a real sense of comic timing."

With the TARDIS crew posing as travelling entertainers, Steven and Dodo are forced to perform at gunpoint for the Clantons while the Doctor – whom they think is Holliday – is lured to his less-than-certain doom. *Don't Shoot the Pianist*, joshes the "Next Episode" caption.

Dim Dodo underestimates the situation yet again. "She was 'enjoying' playing the piano?" worries Peter. "At gunpoint? I'm concerned about that girl, she has no sense of danger!"

'Hartnell is absolutely fantastic – relaxed and flippant. He's got real comic timing!' *Clayton*

The Doctor is saved by the intervention of Marshal Wyatt Earp, but our hero is no more impressed by the lawman's gunplay than he was by the Clantons'.

Jac notes a change: "This is quite an idealised Doctor – again, a long way from the Doc we first met. He doesn't like guns or drink alcohol, and isn't at all suspicious of potential bad guys."

Richard is thrilled, too: "There's some lovely touches of humour here, like the fact that the Doctor constantly mispronounces Wyatt's name as 'Mr Werp' and his feeble attempts at gun-spinning as he boastfully asks the Sheriff, 'Can *you* do that?' Priceless!"

The third episode introduces the eponymous *Johnny Ringo*, a cold killer hired by the Clantons. His first victim is Charlie, barman of the Last Chance Saloon, who's been such jolly company so far.

"The death of Charlie is really brutal shocking!" exclaims Jac. " Witty lines and casual death – it's *The Myth Makers* all over again. And that's definitely not a bad thing."

Peter clicks his tongue with mild concern. "The ballad following Charlie's death, with its pastiche on the funeral march, is remarkably tasteless. Surely the blackest humour in the series so far?"

Holliday, meanwhile, has fled town with his fiancée, Kate, and a hostage of sorts – Dodo. But he's got more than he bargained for as our girl holds him at gunpoint and demands her return to Tombstone.

"Ooh! Dodo finally *does* something!" coos Jac. "The stuff with Holliday is lovely, especially how she gives the gun to him afterwards. It's the first appealing and companion-ish thing she's done!" "Even she's been blessed by Donald Cotton's magic comedy pen," agrees Clay.

The Clanton's have killed Wyatt's little brother. Battle lines are drawn, and the concluding episode signals the unavoidable gunfight at *The OK Corral*.

Clayton is impressed by matters of scale. "*Blimey!* Look at the size of the OK Corral! It's huge! And it's on film! And they've got horses! I'm all excited now!"

Richard notes a shift in style: "Do you notice that as we get closer and closer to the end shoot-out, the humour content is getting less and less and the drama increases?"

Everyone agrees that the final, filmed gunfight is certainly a *tour de force* for director Rex Tucker. But it does all end rather abruptly. "Shame about that tacked-on ending," says Clay. "And after such a brilliant line about Dodo falling victim to every cliché of the Old West. Glad it's not just us who've noticed!"

The consensus is that *The Gunfighters* is a brilliant story. "A brave experiment . . ." begins Clay. "And a successful one!" concludes Richard.

There's a small but significant change at we embark upon our next adventure. "What a shame that the individual episode titles are no more," sighs Peter. "'*The Savages* Episode 1' just doesn't fire the imagination in the same way as *Don't Shoot the Pianist*!"

The Doctor is convinced that the TARDIS has brought them to an alien world in the far future, but Steven is sure they're in the past. Again, Jac's eyes are on Dodo: "She seems to have got the hang of this 'being a companion' thing a bit more, and goes off to investigate stuff. Steven, on the other hand, has forgotten everything he's learned and is quite ridiculously naive."

The Doctor is tooled up for his sortie into the wilds. Peter raises an eyebrow: "The Doctor's never had the urge to carry a Reacting Vibrator with him before. I wonder why now?" There's a filthy chuckle from his fellow *Time Teamers*. Children!

Appropriately savage-looking chaps seem ready to attack the wandering Doctor – until he's greeted by two smartly-dressed guards who take him to meet 'the Elders'. "The Doctor shows a staggering lack of concern over the fact that his each and every move for years has been plotted by these Elders," says Richard. "He's not at all surprised that they're sitting there waiting for him!"

Sinister shenanigans are afoot in the Elders' city. Leader Jano greets the Doctor, explaining that his people stay young by extracting the vital juices of animals. "Eugh!" grunts Clay. "I hate these future stories where everyone wears smocks and nobody uses contractions in their speech. They just come across as so bland and faceless. How can you ever care a jot what happens to them?"

By the time we join Episode 2, we've learned that the 'animals' which provide the Elders with 'life-force' are actually the human savages in the wilderness. "It's just a nice twist on the classic vampire tale, isn't it?" muses Richard. "Dracula sucked blood whilst the Elders drain the life-force."

The Doctor is forthright in his criticism of this lifestyle choice. Peter is impressed by his passion: "What a firm moral standpoint the Doctor has adopted. Not so long ago the Doctor would have accepted the gifts without question and be content to observe the alien civilisation. Now he's an *agent provocateur* – actively intervening, at considerable risk to himself, to change the Elders' ways." Jac has noticed the same: "That line, 'The sacrifice of even one soul is far too great!' The Doc's heading towards being this ultimate moralistic character."

"It's interesting how Jano is totally unconcerned about the morality of what the Elders are doing," comments Richard. "Their victims are only 'savages', so it doesn't matter. I guess it's an attitude that finds a lot of parallels throughout history."

The Doctor's anger toward Jano leads to his being selected next for 'transference' of his life energy. As the episode crashes to its conclusion, we hear our the time traveller is strapped into equipment as deadly devices begin a-bubblin'.

"They can't do that to the Doctor!" rages Peter. "He's only recently lost a tooth and been ravaged by the Time Destructor! How much life energy can they drain from the poor old man? Will there be anything left?!" DWM

AND YOU SAID . . .

The Final Test
"'Cyril – known to my friends as Billy.' How did the Beeb possibly think that they could get away with claiming that he wasn't Bunter?"
J Edwards, Glamorgan

"Peter Stephens is so menacing as Cyril you forget that the script isn't really giving him anything to be menacing with"
Rob Shearman, London

A Holiday For the Doctor
"His life in danger, with swarthy gunmen pointing their weapons at him from all angles, Steven still sees fit to argue about which song to sing. What a guy! What a hero! What a berk!"
Karen Tayler, Cambs

The Savages Episode 1
"What's happened to Steven? Now he's the one refusing to see anything wrong in the most sinister place this side of the Bates Motel – while Dodo, quite rightly, is harbouring nasty suspicions. Good on yer, girl!" *Toby Lindsay, Staffs*

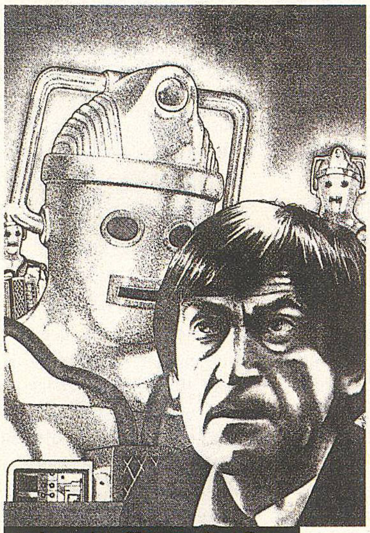
The Savages Episode 2
"The episode is principally amusing for the complete contempt Steven shows to Dodo. He can't even speak about her without making some sort of insult. 'Not even Dodo would be that stupid,' he tells Avon. It's blissfully funny because it's all so true! She can't wander into a laboratory without the scientists assuming she's one of the lesser intelligent savages needing her brain drained!"
Rob Shearman, London

For **DWM** 297, we need your comments on *The Smugglers* 3 to *The Power of the Daleks* 2. Mark them 'Time Team' and send them via the addresses on page six by 7 September

Eye of the storm

By the late 1970s, the *Doctor Who* range was Target Books' biggest asset – but was it enough to see the company through troubled times? David J Howe picks up the story . . .

Universal-Tandem, the original publishers of the Target *Doctor Who* novelisations, was bought out in April 1975 by WH Allen, part of the Howard and Wyndham group. Soon after, many staff members were either made redundant or left under their own steam – including the editor of the *Doctor Who* range, Elizabeth Godfray.



Rejected: Jeff Cummins' first *Tomb of the Cybermen* cover

From January 1977, the Target list was administered by WH Allen's Managing Editor, Fanny Torrance – until Brenda Gardner joined the company in May 1978. "I was supposed to be doing some picture books and some children's fiction as well as *Doctor Who*, which was certainly their biggest asset," recalls Gardner. "The range had the most number of titles and made the most money. It really was successful. The bulk of my work was supposed to be commissioning new books and building the list up, and the *Doctor Who* list was more of a caretaking job. Manuscripts came in, we copy-edited them and then published them. It was very straightforward.

"I'd never experienced anything like *Doctor Who* before. It was very successful. We had several children would phone up for news, and we had to send information out to various people and fans . . . there was a lot of interest. I even went along to some of the conventions – not as a guest or anything, but just to see what was going on.

"I always saw the books as being children's books and for me it was a children's series. I was surprised when I met some of the fans and realised that they were a lot older and that the show had a much wider cult basis than I had previously thought. We didn't really think of it as a cult in those days, however."

The publishers were more than happy for author Terrance Dicks to provide most of the titles. "There wasn't any pressure to bring in new authors," recalls Gardner, "but at around that time the series saw an increase in popularity, and we were talking about how we could use that, how we could expand the publishing . . . I think there was a slow change from script editors and writers not wanting to do their own stories as books, to them wanting to. Douglas Adams wrote to me at that time, and he was interested in doing something. I wrote back to say, 'Yes please,' but it all went quiet and nothing happened."

'The covers were all about creating mood and illusion and atmosphere'

Two new authors contracted to write the novelisations were actor Ian Marter, who played the Doctor's companion Harry Sullivan on television from 1974 until 1975, and former *Doctor Who* producer Philip Hinchcliffe. Marter was introduced to the company by Tom Baker; when he asked if he could write one of the books, they told him to send in a sample chapter. "I chose *The Ark In Space* and *The Sontaran Experiment*," he recalled in 1984. "I thought *The Ark in Space* was an excellent story and *The Sontaran Experiment* was its sequel – it was also a two-parter, which nobody else would touch. All the others I've been responsible for were the suggestions of the publishers as they have become available or as they have fitted into the schedules. I have a sneaking suspicion that I probably get the ones Terrance doesn't want to do!" Dicks remembers Marter apologising to him for doing the books: "I told him it was fine by me," he laughs. "I never considered I had the right of monopoly, and having done so many I could hardly stand in the way of anyone else."

It was another producer-turned-author, Barry Letts, who suggested that Hinchcliffe should get in touch with the publishers, who were looking to bring more writers onto the range. "I had never written a book before," Hinchcliffe said in 1981, "but decided I would rather like to try. I did *The Seeds of Doom* first and Target liked it and said they would be happy for me to do others."

The TV stories novelised over 1977 and 1978 (all by Terrance Dicks, except where specified) were: *Carnival of Monsters*, *The Seeds of Doom* (Philip Hinchcliffe), *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, *The Claws of Axos*, *The Ark in Space* (Ian Marter), *The Brain of Morbius*, *Planet of Evil*, *The Mutants*, *The Deadly Assassin*, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *The Masque of Mandragora* (Philip Hinchcliffe), *The Face of Evil*, *Horror of Fang Rock*, *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *The Time Warrior*, *Death to the Daleks*, *The Android Invasion* and *The Sontaran Experiment* (Ian Marter).

Fan reaction to the new titles was on the whole positive. In *Doctor Who Digest*, Keith Miller remarked upon the "striking" cover to *Doctor Who and the Carnival of Monsters* – but was puzzled by the fact that the Doctor now used a flare pistol, as opposed to his sonic screwdriver, to scare off the voracious Drashigs: "Perhaps he thought we would consider the sonic screwdriver a weapon which the Doctor, as we all know, would never carry." Miller was less complimentary about *Doctor Who and the Seeds of Doom*. Although he found it "more fluent" than Dicks' work, he was very upset at the omission of Amelia Ducat – "possibly the best supporting character in a *Doctor Who* story for many years." John C Harding found Marter's version of *The Ark in Space* "encouraging" in his fanzine of the same name, remarking that, "writers are not there to turn out original novels, but neither are they there to commit the script to print verbatim . . . Marter steers a middle road with a deft skill that returns an entertaining, account of a classic story." *Doctor Who: The Planet of Evil* saw Dicks starting to falter, according to George G Milne in the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society magazine, *TARDIS*: "Characterisation was non-existent except in the cases of Salamar and Sorenson . . . If you compare *Planet of Evil* to the other Marks/Dicks book *The Day of the Daleks*, you see how the Target books have declined." However, following *Doctor Who and the Deadly Assassin* and *Doctor Who and the Talons of Weng-Chiang*, Dicks seemed to fall back into favour, as Gary Hopkins noted in the same magazine: "Robert Holmes must be very proud that yet another of his excellent stories has been turned into a work of literary brilliance by one of his most talented contemporaries."

Of the 1978 titles, only Gerry Davis' *Doctor Who and the Tomb of the Cybermen* received a truly mixed reception. An unknown reviewer in *23/11/63* found it "disappointing"

Facing page: *Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons* – 1979 reprint jacket by Alun Hood and not really worth the cover price – but Chris Marton in *Gallifrey* thought the opposite, describing it as "the best ever Target book" and praising the "high standard" of writing and characterisation. This view was echoed by Chris Dunk in *TARDIS*, who found it "atmospheric" and "a very hard act to follow for Terrance Dicks."

As well as writing the books, Dicks was acting as unofficial adviser to the range – deciding which stories to adapt and, once an agreement had been reached with the BBC (usually comprising no more than the formality of an exchange of letters between the publishers and BBC Enterprises), either writing them himself, or suggesting other writers to work on them. This lightened the publishers' workload, and was possibly one of the reasons that the company did not immediately appoint a new editor on Godfray's departure.

Dicks agrees that his principles changed as time went on. "At first it was a great challenge. I'd never written a novel before, and so I tended to invent and fill out more stuff in the early books. Then, as the schedule grew more hectic, and it got to the stage where I was doing roughly one book a month, it became more of a technical exercise in taking a script and turning it into a book.

"I'm always defensive about people thinking it's a piece of cake. You get two things from a script: you get what people do and what they say. You don't get what they look like, what they wear, what the weather is like, how they feel, what they're thinking, any of the visual aspects that are provided on television by the costume and make up departments and, indeed, by the actors themselves. All these things you have to recreate on the page, so the author has a lot of work to do in filling all this in."

Dicks points out that when he started writing the books, there was no commercial video and few repeats of *Doctor Who* on television: "If you missed something on television, you'd missed it for good. Therefore the only chance you had to recreate the experience of seeing the show was to read the book, which is what I tried to do. My intention was to do an in-print video – the nearest thing you'd get to seeing the show again."

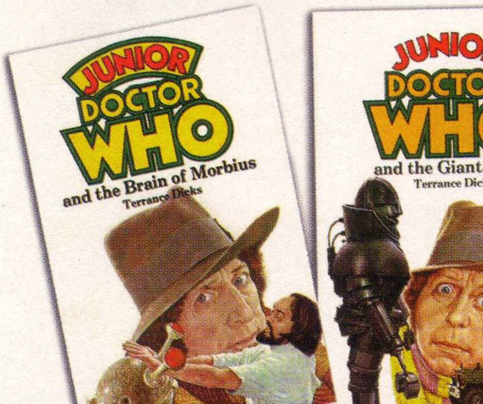
Although Dicks' intentions were honourable, it was this principle which attracted the most criticism from fan readers. During the late 1970s and early 1980s, there seems to have been a shift in the fan base from wanting the novelisations to adhere strictly to the televised story (witness *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society president Jan Vincent-Rudzki's outraged comments in *TARDIS* regarding Gerry Davis' divergence from the televised version of *The Tenth Planet* in the 1976 novelisation) to openly

'They were sandwiched between thrillers, horror and titles for children!'

Harry amid ship: Lt-Surgeon Sullivan took centre stage in Ian Marter's *Ark in Space* novelisation

embracing those novels which took liberties with the source material (especially prevalent in the Ian Marter-penned books). This shift can be partly attributed to the increasing prevalence of home video at the start of the 1980s, and also the fact that the initial fan base was growing up. On television, the show was now being aimed at a slightly more adult, intelligent audience – a fact noted by Brenda Gardner – but Dicks was still aiming his novelisations at the 11-14 age group originally targetted by the range, rather than a more vocal, mature fan audience.

A few changes were made to the schedule during this period. July 1977 was the original publication date for Gerry Davis' *Doctor Who and the Tomb of the Cybermen*, but the manuscript was delayed and the book was eventually published in May 1978. Two months earlier, it had been planned to publish Dicks' own novelisation of his forthcoming TV story *The Witch Lords*, which fell through and was replaced – both on television and in the Target book schedule – by *Horror of Fang Rock*. In the case of *The Time Warrior*, Dicks had originally persuaded original scriptwriter Robert Holmes to tackle the novelisation; with no sign of the manuscript, WH Allen asked Dicks to chase it up. Dicks discovered that Holmes was having difficulties, but still wanted to write the book. After another long gap, three pages were sent by Holmes to Dicks with the note, "You finish it!" written on the top. Dicks was very impressed with the three pages and often said that he wished he could write like that – but that at only three pages a year it would be hard to make a living. Dicks used Holmes' work as the prologue to the eventual novel – but, as Holmes requested, wrote the remainder himself.


JUNIOR DOCTOR WHO and the Brain of Morbius
Terrance Dicks
JUNIOR DOCTOR WHO and the Giant Robot
Terrance Dicks

During 1978, with the *Doctor Who* range continuing to do well, WH Allen started to look for more titles which would help expand the series. "We did two 'junior books', and I'm sure Terrance may have suggested them," recalls Gardner. "There was the factual *Doctor Who Discovers . . .* series, and we also later did a book on K9 [*The Adventures of K9 And Other Mechanical Creatures*] and one on the Daleks [*Terry Nation's Dalek Special*]. That was the first time I came across Terry Nation's agent, Roger Hancock. Very, very tough to work with. There was one point where we thought we wouldn't be allowed to use the Daleks on the cover or something. A very demanding man."

The first title to be chosen for the new *Junior Doctor Who* range aimed at younger readers, was *Junior Doctor Who and the Brain of Morbius* by Terrance Dicks. The tentative publication date of July 1978 was swiftly changed to April 1979 – and a second title, *Junior Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*, was announced. The latter ran into problems when *Doctor Who* producer Graham Williams commented that the likeness of Tom Baker in Peter Edwards' internal illustrations was very poor. At the start of 1979, the publication date for both titles was moved again, to December of that year. By July, publication of *Junior Doctor Who and the Brain of Morbius* had been put back yet again, to 1980. *Junior Doctor Who and the Giant Robot* was finally released in hardback in December 1979 – although readers had to wait until the following year before the paperback edition came out. After these two titles, no further *Junior Doctor Who* books were published.

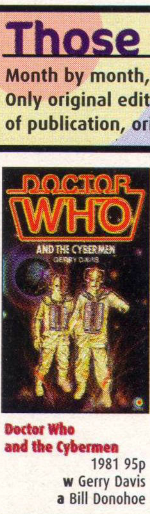
With *Doctor Who and the Ark in Space* in 1977, cover artist Chris Achilleos made his final contribution to the range. "I had done so many," Achilleos explained, "and when Dom Rodi joined, I told him that I really wanted to give them up and explained my position to him. I think he reluctantly agreed."

Dom Rodi was employed as art director for Star Books at WH Allen around 1975. "I remember when I first arrived, going into the offices at the old Universal-Tandem offices at Gloucester Road and being told to create an art department," he recalled. "The first book I had to do was not *Doctor Who* – it was a horror novel called *The Sentinel*, and I literally had 24 hours to do it!

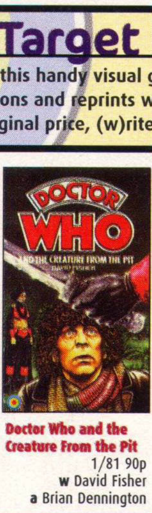
"There was a working system for the *Doctor Who* covers there which I saw no reason to change – the logo was set, it was just a case of refining the visual. There came a point, and I can't remember why, that I made a change from Chris Achilleos to some new artists. Chris was starting to become very successful and was being commissioned for work all over the world. He was very kind, as I recall, and agreed to do more covers in order to give me the chance to find some other people to work on them. What I was looking for was not another Chris Achilleos – because even after all these years there is no other Chris Achilleos, he's unique – but I was introduced

Those Target book covers in full . . .

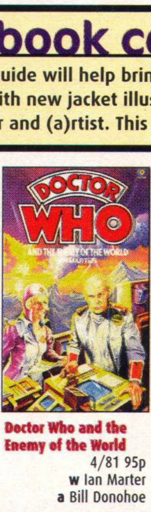
Month by month, this handy visual guide will help bring the Target range to life! Only original editions and reprints with new jacket illustrations are shown, with month of publication, original price, (w)riter and (a)rtist. This issue: January 1981 to November 1984.



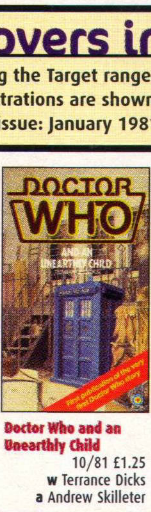
Doctor Who and the Cybermen
1981 95p
w Gerry Davis
a Bill Donohoe



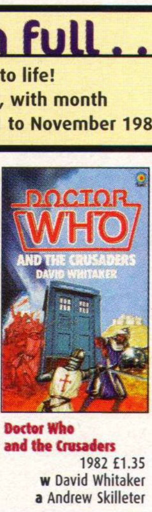
Doctor Who and the Creature From the Pit
1/81 90p
w David Fisher
a Brian Dennington



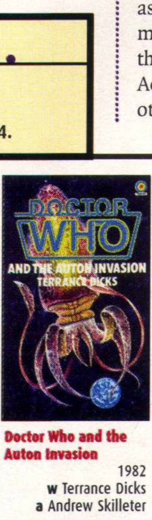
Doctor Who and the Enemy of the World
4/81 95p
w Ian Marter
a Bill Donohoe



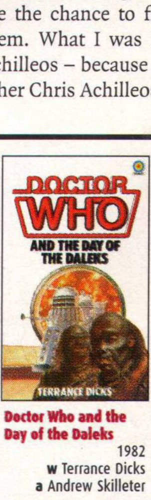
Doctor Who and an Unearthly Child
10/81 £1.25
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



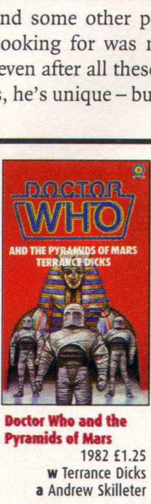
Doctor Who and the Crusaders
1982 £1.35
w David Whitaker
a Andrew Skilleter



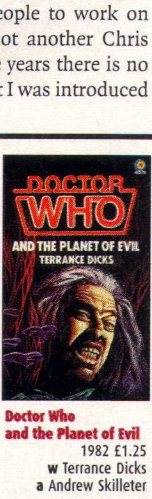
Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion
1982
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks
1982
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



Doctor Who and the Pyramids of Mars
1982 £1.25
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

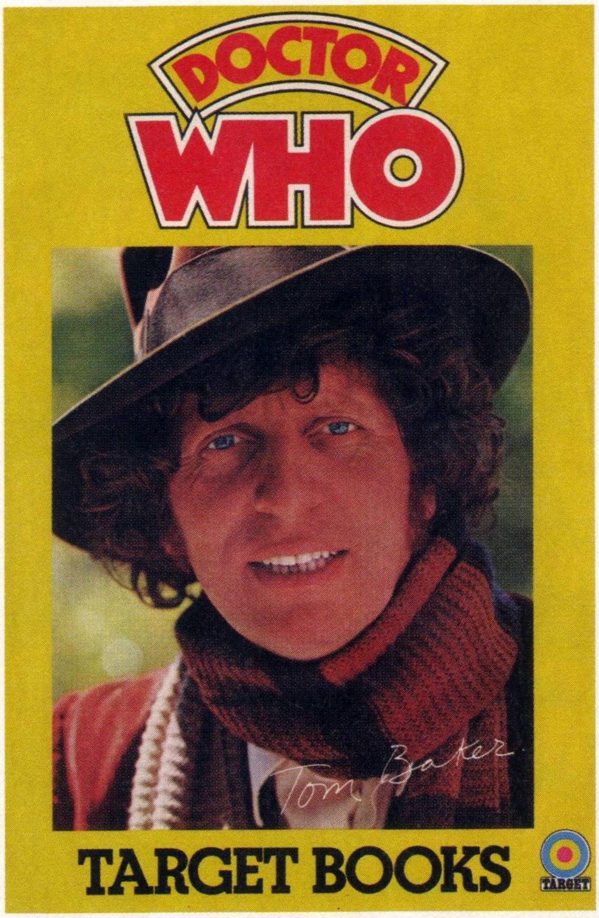


Doctor Who and the Planet of Evil
1982 £1.25
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

to the work of Jeff Cummins through Martin Borland, at Spectron Artists, who also represented Roy Knipe."

Cummins had, like Achilleos when he started, not been out of college long, and was touring various publishers trying to find work. "I think I was put in touch with Dom Rodi," remembers Cummins, "and he asked me to do one of the *Doctor Who* covers as a sort of trial. That one was for *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* and I remember trying very hard to get it as perfect as I could. After I had delivered that one, the call came in to do *The Mutants* at very short notice as another artist had fallen through or something. A similar thing happened on *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and I ended up, as I later discovered, using the wrong sort of Cyberman on the cover."

Rodi was looking for realism – "Realism and the ability to render figures well. Jeff had a great feel for the texture of the subject, but with Chris, you also had an innate graphic design quality to his work which made the compositions really stand out. The artists were working in the main with reference material derived from the BBC's archives, and sometimes there was very little of it. You might have a number of shots of Cybermen all taken from a given angle, but that might not be very dramatic or dynamic and yet they had to try and make a cover out of what they had.



"I wanted to move away from the graphic feel that Chris brought to his paintings. With Jeff it was very much creating a feeling of mood and illusion and atmosphere. I didn't see the *Doctor Who* range as a children's range of books. I don't think anyone did, from the sales people to the MD. It was always treated as an adult range, and from a design point of view, it was in a category of its own – sandwiched between the adult, thriller and horror books and other titles which were specifically for children."

'For me, it was a children's series – and I always saw them as children's books!'

Whereas Achilleos' cover paintings were generally A3-sized, Cummins tended to paint his covers only slightly larger than the finished book. "That was because it took longer to paint a bigger cover, and I had found that I could get all the detail on the smaller size – I was using brushes with two hairs on!"

Cummins painted nine covers for the range through 1978 and 1979, as well as contributing artwork and jackets for the range of non-fiction *Doctor Who Discovers . . .* books published in 1977 and 1978. "I stopped doing the *Doctor Who* covers simply because I wanted to broaden what I did. I moved into doing record covers and worked with Paul McCartney, Rainbow, Ted Nugent, the Moody Blues and Elvis Costello amongst many others. Eventually I stopped doing that because all I seemed to be offered were heavy metal covers, and moved again into other areas. I've done a lot of work for the *Radio Times*, as well as video jackets, and at the moment I'm working doing character design for websites . . . quite a diverse career, really."

1977 to 1979 saw several other artists working for the range. A programme of re-issuing the novelisations with new covers began with a reprint of *Doctor Who and the Three Doctors* in 1978, and over the next few years most of Achilleos' original covers were replaced as the books were reprinted. Alun Hood provided new covers for re-issues of three of the books originally jacketed by Peter Brookes (*Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion*, *Doctor Who and the Green Death* and *Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders*), while Cummins supplied a new jacket illustration for *Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*, thus replacing Brookes' contributions completely. Mike Little worked on the new novelisations alongside Jeff Cummins, before Roy Knipe took over from Little. Another artist contributing to the

Return to Terror

Dave Owen continues his re-reading of the Target books in order . . .

Before the advent of the video cassette recorder, the value of the Target novelisations to *Doctor Who* enthusiasts was self-evident – they provided documentary evidence to underpin, or even substitute for, memories of the televised stories. Now that recordings of much of *Doctor Who* are widely available, the most highly valued novelisations are those which diverge significantly from their screenplays. By 1975, Terrance Dicks' contributions were seldom burdened by additions other than reflections on adventures past. Conversely, Malcolm Hulke – as if sensing that the supply of his own screenplays to novelise was drying up – continued to creatively embellish, even down to titles, with *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* becoming *Doctor Who and the Dinosaur Invasion* (replete with its beautiful front cover, an action montage evoking Roy Lichtenstein's *Whaam!*) and *Frontier in Space* becoming *Doctor Who and the Space War* (which was, incidentally, followed immediately by *Doctor Who and the Planet of the Daleks*, making this only the second instance of publication sequence matching broadcast order).

There's a more significant way in which rereading one of these books might differ from rewatching its source adventure. Next time you feel like experiencing, say, *The Three Doctors*, leave the TV off, and reach instead for the Target novelisation. At the end of each, 100 minutes will have passed, the *dramatis personae* will have been returned to their respective time streams, bird sanctuaries, or places in Time Lord mythology – and you'll be in the mood for more of the same. What will be different is that you won't have been saddened by William Hartnell's

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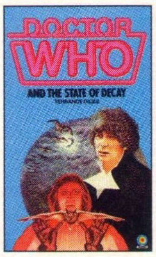
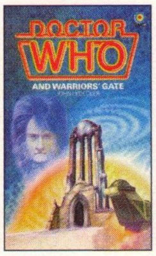
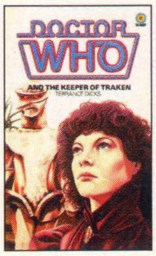


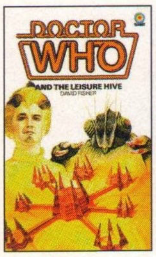
Doctor Who and the State of Decay
1/82 £1.00
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



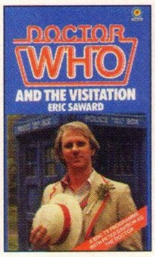
Doctor Who and Warriors' Gate
4/82 £1.25
w John Lydecker
a Andrew Skilleter



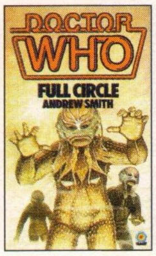
Doctor Who and the Keeper of Traken
5/82 £1.25
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



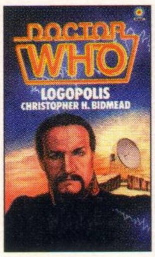
Doctor Who and the Leisure Hive
7/82 £1.25
w David Fisher
a Andrew Skilleter



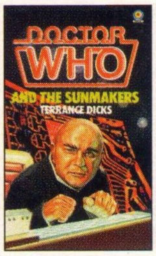
Doctor Who and the Visitation
8/82 £1.25
w Eric Saward
a photographic



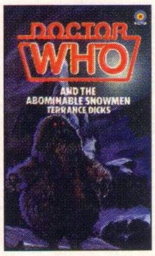
Doctor Who: Full Circle
9/82 £1.25
w Andrew Smith
a Andrew Skilleter



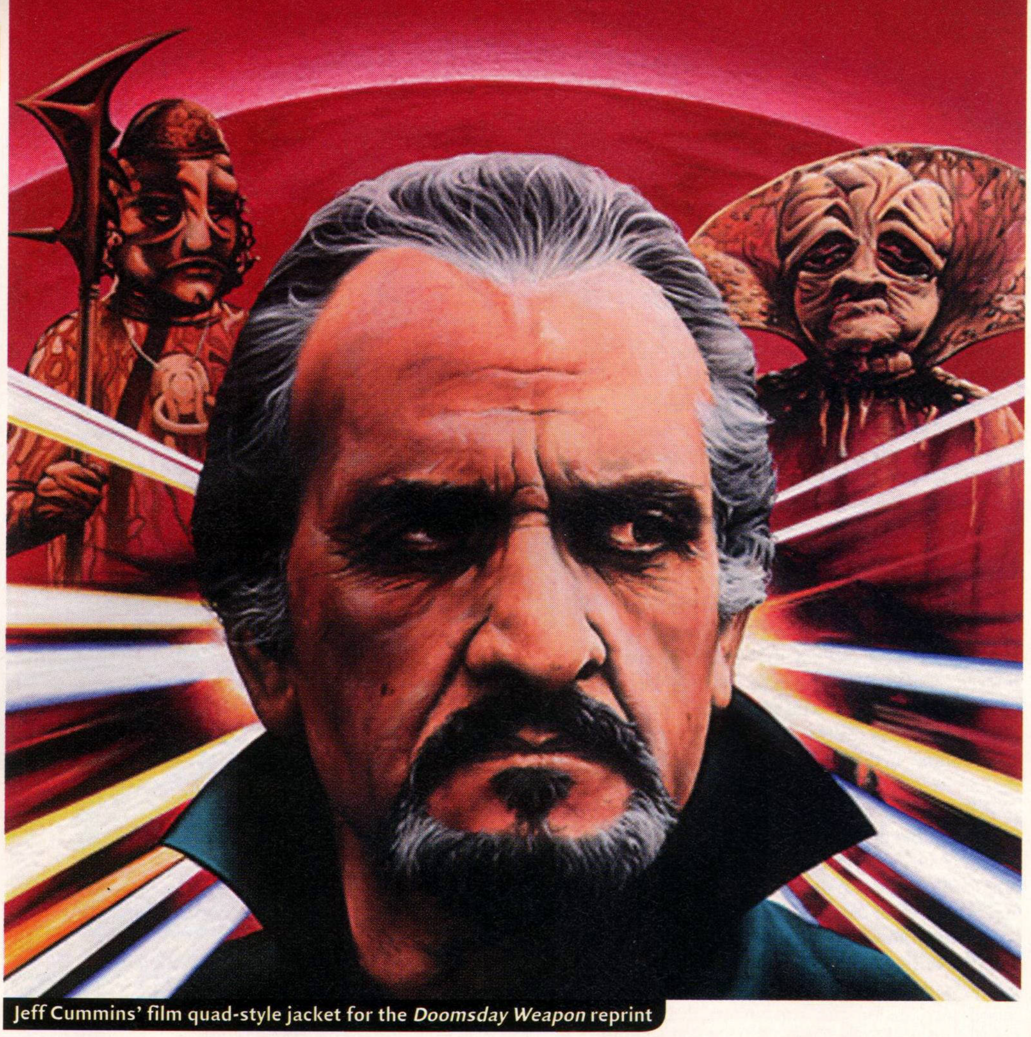
Doctor Who: Logopolis
10/82 £1.25
w Christopher H Bidmead
a Andrew Skilleter



Doctor Who and the Sunmakers
11/82 £1.25
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



Doctor Who and the Abominable Snowmen
1983 £1.35
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



Jeff Cummins' film quad-style jacket for the *Doomsday Weapon* reprint

declining health, embarrassed by some over-ambitious visuals or amused by the sound of Jo and the Brigadier's footsteps as they climb off the flame of singularity when they're meant to have been returned to Earth. Particularly, during Chapter Three, *The Menace of the Black Hole*, your heart will have been warmed by Terrance Dicks' obvious delight in writing about the Time Lords, or several incarnations of the Doctor meeting. A story which may have been a favourite as a child remains so when experienced this way without the adult filters of cynicism.

Adulthood yields new perspectives on some of these books themselves. As a child one might, for example, see nothing significant at the point in *Doctor Who and the Dinosaur Invasion* when Professor Whitaker nominates Wilde and Coward as the figures he would most like to 'timescoop' forward (nor, indeed, his decision to spare the Doctor because he is so good-looking). The very best of the Target books, a category including all of Malcolm Hulke's contributions, share the television series' ability to delight different age groups simultaneously.

Terrance Dicks' books became ever more unremarkable, as he adeptly rendered both recently televised Tom Baker stories and Jon Pertwee scripts he had edited into novelisations which avoided errors of realisation but bared conceptual gaps for young readers to analyse. If *Doctor Who and the Revenge of the Cybermen*'s transmat system only transmitted human matter, thus removing the cyber-virus from Sarah's system, then why did she and Harry not arrive naked on the surface of Nerva, or the Cybermen become stripped of their life-support systems? And if Morbius wanted a new head and body, then why didn't Solon just put the brain in the Doctor's head and leave it attached to the Doctor? Such inconsistencies are easy to ignore in the thud and blunder of a televised adventure, but Terrance could and should have invented McGuffins to explain them in print.

Help was at hand, firstly in the form of Gerry Davis and Brian Hayles, who helped carry out an apparent policy of only novelising older stories when they feature popular enemies. Davis turned

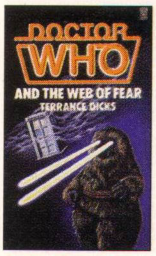
range was John Geary, whose work first appeared on a reissue of *Doctor Who and the Sea Devils* in 1979. "If you look at their work," explains Rodi, "you can see what I was trying to do. Both Roy Knipe and John Geary have that graphical quality to their paintings. It's almost like trying to do film posters where you create something out of nothing. You might have two or three black-and-white photographs from the BBC for a *Doctor Who* cover and nothing else."

Throughout this time, cover artwork had become increasingly controversial. The use of 'past' Doctors on the covers to both *Doctor Who and the Web of Fear* and *Doctor Who and the Claws of Axos* was queried by the BBC – just as they'd questioned the fact that the Doctor did not appear on the cover of *Doctor Who and the Space War* at all! Initial cover designs for both *Doctor Who and the Mutants* and *Doctor Who and the Tomb of the Cybermen* were not used, presumably as they both featured 'past' Doctors, the Third and the Second. In the case of *Doctor Who and the Mutants*, BBC1 Controller Graeme McDonald very forcefully demanded to know why Tom Baker was not depicted on the cover when consulted in February 1977. Any response to his note is not recorded.

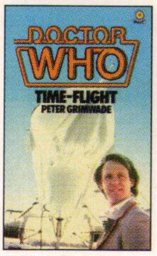
Dom Rodi left WH Allen in 1979. Replacing him as art director was Mike Brett, who was to oversee the range for the next ten years.

It wasn't until 1979 that another artist was found to look after the covers on a more regular basis. Andrew Skilleter was working as a freelance illustrator when he approached Mike Brett about the possibility of some work. Out of that meeting, Andrew found himself supplying new covers for Barbara Euphan Todd's *Worzel Gummidge* books, followed by some covers for the Star list – including a reprint jacket for Graham Masterton's seminal horror thriller *The Manitou*. Eventually, Skilleter was asked if he would like to tackle *Doctor Who*. "I was asked to do not just the jacket but the whole K9 special, all of which had to be done to an impossible timetable," he told **Doctor Who Monthly** in 1983. "It was my very first affair with *Doctor Who* and all too rushed. Around the corner was the *Dalek Special* to be followed by my first Target *Doctor Who* novelisation jacket, *Destiny of the Daleks*, which went down very well."

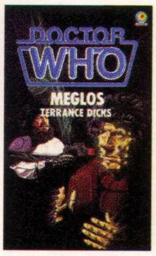
As *Doctor Who* was still doing well on television, pressure increased to link the publication dates of selected titles to the transmission of the stories themselves. The first story for which this was attempted was *Destiny of the Daleks* – the book being planned for November 1979, just two months after the story would finish on television. When sent a proof of Skilleter's cover artwork in June 1979, Graham Williams commented that it wasn't very "individual" and that, as the story hadn't actually been



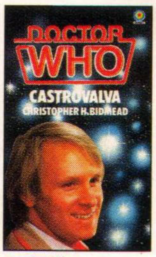
Doctor Who and the Web of Fear
1983 £1.25
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



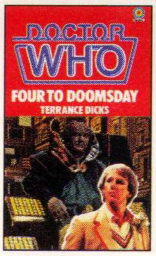
Doctor Who: Time-Flight
4/83 £1.35
w Peter Grimwade
a photographic



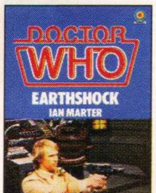
Doctor Who: Meglos
5/83 £1.35
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



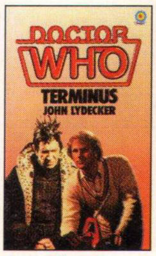
Doctor Who: Castrovalva
6/83 £1.35
w Christopher H Bidmead
a photographic



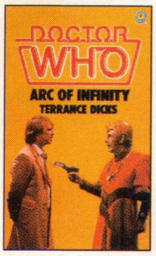
Doctor Who: Four to Doomsday
7/83 £1.35
w Terrance Dicks
a photographic



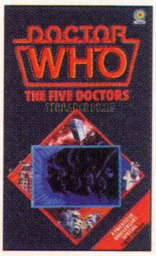
Doctor Who: Earthshock
8/83 £1.35
w Ian Marter
a photographic



Doctor Who: Terminus
9/83 £1.50
w John Lydecker
a photographic



Doctor Who: Arc of Infinity
10/83 £1.35
w Terrance Dicks
a photographic



Doctor Who: The Five Doctors
7/83 £1.50
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter

made at that time, it was tricky to provide any photographic reference for it. He also noted that he hoped the publication date would follow transmission of the story.

During 1979, the books went bi-monthly for reasons unknown. Stories novelised over this period were: *The Hand of Fear*, *The Invisible Enemy*, *The Robots of Death*, *Image of the Fendahl*, *The War Games* (Malcolm Hulke), *Destiny of the Daleks* and *The Ribos Operation* (Ian Marter). *Doctor Who and the War Games* was to be the final contribution to the range from Malcolm Hulke, who died on 6 July 1979 – before the book was actually published. Of the 1979 batch, it was perhaps *Doctor Who and the War Games* of which the most was expected by fans – but it was found wanting, as exemplified by Paul Mount's comments in *The Doctor Who Review*: "*The War Games* is not a fitting testament to [Hulke's] great and undeniable talent . . . We are left with a long involved story concentrated into a relatively short book, with an absurdly large cast of characters, most of whom remain hideously undeveloped . . . Basically, it is not a good book. It is not a good story. It is not the book it should have been, and it is certainly not the work that I shall remember the genius of Malcolm Hulke for."

America's Time-Life Films approached WH Allen in 1978, asking to distribute the *Doctor Who* books across the Atlantic. WH Allen agreed to co-ordinate this, but it wasn't until Lyle Stewart took over distribution in 1983 that the titles became widely available. Promotion of *Doctor Who* in the States had begun when Time-Life Television distributed a package of 98 *Doctor Who* episodes comprising the first 23 Tom Baker stories. Before long, *Doctor Who* became a cult hit – and consequently, come the early 1980s, the books' print runs would leap from a not-insignificant 25- to 30,000 copies to a massive 50- or 60,000 copies of each first edition paperback.

'If you missed it on TV, you'd missed it for good. The books were videos in print'

***The Time Warrior*'s Linx – left to 'Terran Cedicks' by Robert Holmes**

Although the *Doctor Who* titles were doing very well for WH Allen, the company as a whole was in trouble. "I don't really know what the cause was," says Gardner, "but we all knew that there were problems – we hadn't made our targets or someone, maybe an investor, was pulling out. Something was certainly up. They started letting the flat upstairs at 44 Hill Street that we used to use for parties, and several people had said to me that the company was looking for cutbacks. However, because the *Doctor Who* books were so successful, I didn't think I'd be affected . . ."

During the summer of 1979, Ralph Fields, the owner of WH Allen, brought in Bob Tanner, a former literary agent who had been involved with the New English Library paperback imprint, to act as a consultant. WH Allen's Managing Director, Francis Bennett, subsequently left the company to become the Managing Director of Sphere Books – and his place was taken by Tanner. Generally, when a company gets into financial difficulties, there are two options: slim down the workforce or jettison a whole area – and in the case of WH Allen, it seemed to be a combination of the two.

The children's division was hit especially hard. Brenda Gardner was made redundant in September 1979: "It wasn't a very pleasant time. What they did was to cut the children's department right back and moved the *Doctor Who* list to be under the responsibility of the adult editor – this was the excuse I recall, anyway, for why my job was not there any more."

Brenda Gardner eventually started up her own company, Piccadilly Press – "still going strong" – and has good memories of working on the *Doctor Who* list. "The nicest thing was the idea that you were publishing something that kids really wanted to buy," she smiles. "There was a ready market and people were dying for the books. That was a great surprise to me because normally you publish and hope for the best. It was nice being a part of a success story. I found out a lot about working with people and about how the industry operated. We certainly had our good times. When we used to take people out to lunch, the 'staff canteen' was either Langan's Brasserie or The Greenhouse. Both Terrance and I remember those days with much fondness . . ."

But, as if these turbulent times weren't enough, at the turn of the decade Target would have a strike by the Writers' Guild of Great Britain to contend with . . . **DWM**

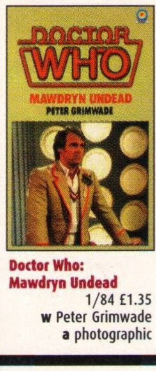
To be continued

in solid, accurate versions of *The Tenth Planet* and *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, the effectiveness of which can be judged by the sheer number of young readers who grew up desperate to see the serials themselves. Hayles' similarly accurate *Doctor Who and the Ice Warriors* is successful in that even a rudimentary reader can get through the warriors' dialogue in less time than they did on screen.

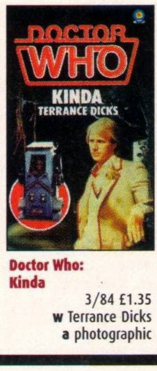
Doctor Who producer Philip Hinchcliffe penned *Doctor Who and the Seeds of Doom*, which is still in the Antarctic on the 50th of its 128 pages, leading to a rush to finish which squeezes out eccentric artist Amelia Ducat entirely, along with the story's tongue-in-cheek humour. His *Doctor Who and the Masque of Mandragora* feels like more of labour of love, the dialogue-strong scripts transferring well to the page.

The most interesting recruit to the Target stable was Ian Marter, the television series' Harry Sullivan. Unsurprisingly, his first books drew on stories in which he had appeared – and *Doctor Who and the Ark in Space*, although not going so far as *Doctor Who and the Daleks*' first-person narrative from the male companion's point of view, is still imbued with enough of Harry's perspective, especially during the opening chapters, to make Marter's previous involvement unmistakable. A greater challenge comes with *Doctor Who and the Sontaran Experiment*, Marter's version of the shortest story to be so far novelised. As well as allowing him to fix his blunder of having the Doctor and his friends leave in the TARDIS at the end of *Doctor Who and the Ark in Space*, the standard-length novelisation has ample space for Harry to explore the interior of Styr's spacecraft.

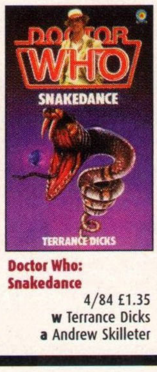
At 127 pages, *Doctor Who and the Sontaran Experiment* is not significantly thinner than Malcolm Hulke's Target swansong, *Doctor Who and the War Games*, which compresses ten episodes in to 143 pages without compromising the television story's essence. Such a ratio highlights the essence of a range of books as diverse and inconsistent as the television series that inspired it.



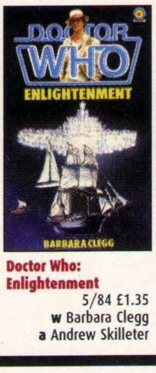
Doctor Who:
Mawdryn Undead
1/84 £1.35
w Peter Grimwade
a photographic



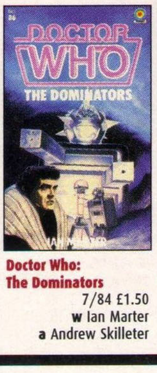
Doctor Who:
Kinda
3/84 £1.35
w Terrance Dicks
a photographic



Doctor Who:
Snakedance
4/84 £1.35
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



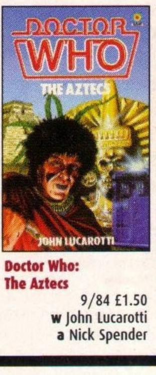
Doctor Who:
Enlightenment
5/84 £1.35
w Barbara Clegg
a Andrew Skilleter



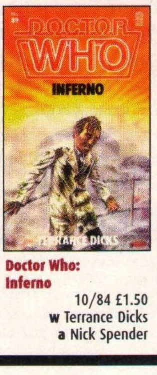
Doctor Who:
The Dominators
7/84 £1.50
w Ian Marter
a Andrew Skilleter

DOCTOR WHO
WARRIORS OF THE DEEP
TERRANCE DICKS

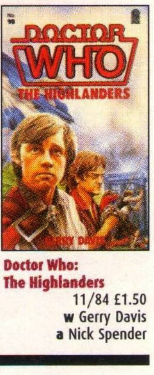
Doctor Who:
Warriors of the Deep
8/84 £1.50
w Terrance Dicks
a Andrew Skilleter



Doctor Who:
The Aztecs
9/84 £1.50
w John Lucarotti
a Nick Spender



Doctor Who:
Inferno
10/84 £1.50
w Terrance Dicks
a Nick Spender



Doctor Who:
The Highlanders
11/84 £1.50
w Gerry Davis
a Nick Spender

It's the end, but . . .

by **The Watcher**

It's no good. It can't go on. It's driving me mad, I tell you. It's everywhere. Closing in on me. I can't shake it off. It's coming to get me. What is? Well, what do you think?

It started subtly, almost imperceptibly, many years ago. I think it must have been on the esplanade in Scarborough. There, just across from Jaconelli's ice cream parlour, stood the only surviving Police Telephone Box of which I, at the time, was aware. Driving past it on holiday became a jokey little family highlight because of my inability to contain my excitement as its familiar blue shape hove into view. Thinking about this the other day, I was forcibly hit for the first time by the sheer enormity of the fact that no *Doctor Who* fan anywhere in the world, not one single foaming-at-the-mouth man-jack of us, is physically capable of stifling a little thrill – however tiny – when he or she claps eyes on a Police Box. It's a *biological* reaction. We're all programmed with it, and we'll take it with us to our *graves*.

Watching the News, I get a twinge if a policy is called 'draconian' . . .

Once that baleful seed had planted itself in my diseased brain, germination was only a matter of time. I began to realise, as never before, how utterly, preposterously conditioned my entire life is by an arcane Whovian perception of the universe. I'm not the same as normal people. I can't look at the Mona Lisa without thinking, "No eyebrows," or at the Eiffel Tower without thinking, "Bye-bye Duggan." I can't walk past a gasometer without pondering Primords. I can't hear the word 'Atlantis' without contemplating Chronovores. When I'm innocently watching the *Six o'Clock News*, there's absolutely nothing I can do about that little twinge I get whenever some Opposition spokesperson describes a policy as 'draconian'. Go on, admit it. I bet you're the same. Please admit it. *Please.*

A friend once told me of a time on the London Underground when, in a moment of existential terror, he misread a 'Tickets and Travelcards' sign as 'Tickets and Timelords'. I've been guilty of worse in my time. Am I the only *Doctor Who* fan whose brain has momentarily spasmed on spotting that old movie title *Tarzan and the She-Devil* in the pages of the *Radio Times*? Whose pulse has inadvertently quickened on spying a nightclub called the *Black Orchid*? Whose gorge has involuntarily risen on hearing the music of Zodiac Mindwarp? No, surely I can't be.

When it really starts verging on the alarming is when serious newspaper headlines take on a surreal life of their own. I'm sure we've all experienced that particularly wonky mind-jolt which occurs when something like "ENQUIRY LAUNCHED INTO DOCTOR WHO FALSIFIED HISTORY" (or whatever) accidentally starts meaning something totally different, but probably just as plausible.

That whole 'Where-were-you-when-Kennedy-was-assassinated?' thing completely short-circuits for *Doctor Who* fans, too – because for us, the implications of that black day in Dallas come from an entirely different direction. We can try to take it seriously, we can do our best to separate the gravity from the frivolity – but even the most eminent and incisive historian, were he also a *Doctor Who* fan, would be unable to look at 22 November 1963 in the way normal people do. *They* look on it as the day innocence ended, hope bit the dust, and the geopolitical structure of the entire world did a great big wobbly thing. *We*, on the other hand, look on it as the day before Ian and Barbara met a man in an Astrakhan hat.

And then there's Jelly Babies. I don't know about you, but whenever I eat one (which, I have to confess, isn't often), I eat it in inverted commas. There's nothing I can do about that; I'm a *Doctor Who* fan, so I can't help eating Jelly Babies knowingly, ironically, with an agenda. I will never, ever know the simple, meaningless blank of eating a Jelly Baby without connotations, the way normal people do.

And you never know when the creeping terror is going to strike next. A few weeks ago my optician was explaining something slightly dull to me about contact lenses when, suddenly and without warning, she said, "But that's a bargain of necessity." Klaxons went off inside my head and it was only with a Herculean effort of will that I avoided responding, "Are you sure it's not a Prisoner of Conciergerie?"

I think I may need professional help.

It goes without saying that there's a whole catalogue of words we *Doctor Who* fans will never be able to hear without experiencing that familiar twinge. Genuine, fine, good, healthy words – a vocabulary which normal people are free to use whenever they wish. Words like 'cloister', 'capacious', 'transcendental', 'inferno', 'chancellery', 'dodecahedron' and 'Bendalypse warhead' (oh all right, not the last one). Now, this is a sacrifice that I can just about cope with. But, dammit, I can't even look at a stick of celery in the way that normal people can. *Celery*. To most people it's a crunchy salad vegetable, the perfect receptacle for a dollop of Hellman's Mayonnaise. But not to people like you and me, oh no. To you and me, celery means the lapels of an Edwardian cricketer; it means breakfast in the dwellings of Castrovalva; it means certain gases in the Praxis range of the spectrum.

The Great Fire of London? Terileptils.

The Post Office Tower? WOTAN.

Wotan? The Post Office Tower.

Everything I ever see, hear or think, I just can't stop my mind galloping off to locate the *Doctor Who* connection. Will it ever stop?

Hey-ho. Prince Charles' girlfriend Camilla has just come on the telly.

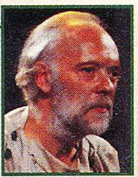
Camilla? An ancient vampire from a closeted little universe.

Which isn't funny at all.

Obviously.

The Final Test

Just how little do you know about telebiogenesis? As usual, there are no prizes – it's just for fun. Answers next issue.



What connects:

1 *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *The Sun Makers*, *The Androids of Tara* and *The Curse of Fenric*?

2 Williams, Bigon [pictured], Spandrell, Borusa and Zastor?

3 *Inferno*, *Space Pirates*, *Timelash* and *Invisible Enemy*?

4 Smith's residence, Bothwell's Ghost and Wright's swansong?

5 *The Seeds of Death*, *The Ambassadors of Death* and *The Android Invasion*?

6 Ted Danson, John Cleese, Michael York, Gerard Depardieu and Peter Ustinov?

Answers from last issue

1 The Doctor visits America.

2 The names are all deliberate anagrams (Dishrags; Mafiosa; Gourmands).

3 The Doctor visits the London Underground (in various stages of disrepair).

4 The actors who play them (Brian Glover, Ricco Ross, Alibe Parsons, Paul McGann) all appear in one or other of the *Alien* films.

5 Riften 5 (*Attack of the Cybermen*); Zeus 5 (*The Tenth Planet*); Bandraginus 5 (*The Pirate Planet*); Galaxy 5 (*The Monster of Peladon*).

6 In the first of each pair, we learn the name of a planet the Doctor is first seen visiting in the second: Metebelis 3; Telos; Gallifrey.

Grayswandir

COMING NEXT ISSUE!

The Robots of Death

Something's gone terribly wrong with the automata which stalk the corridors of Storm Mine Four . . . There's a robot revolution on the cards in October's DVD release – and DWM's next Archive!

In the beginning . . .

Just what is the archetypal *Doctor Who* story – and how is put together? In the first of a major new series, we plot out the perfect Part One!

Nightmare Country

The Doctor is trapped in a sephulcral land – but all is not as it seems! We present Stephen Gallagher's unmade story from 1983 . . .

Plus!

The Master stakes his claim to the power of the Glory as comic strip epic *The Glorious Dead* reaches an astonishing conclusion! Previews of new adventures *The Shadow of the Scourge*, *The Turing Test* and *Independence Day*! The Time Team cower from *The War Machines*! And lashings of all your favourite regular features!

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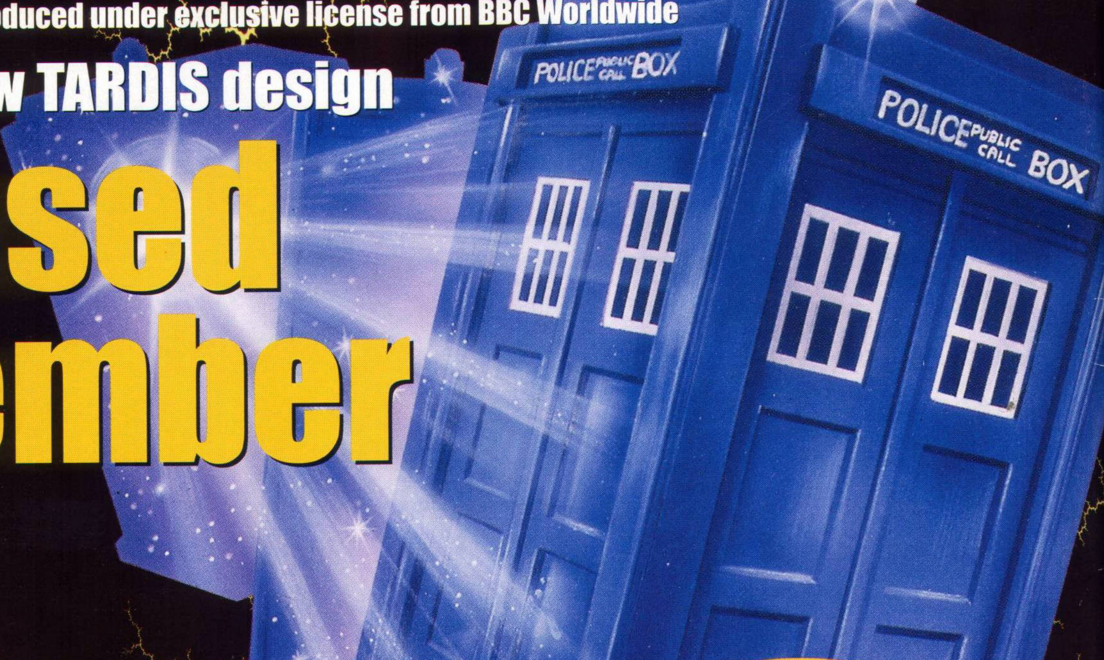
This stunning new TARDIS design

Released September



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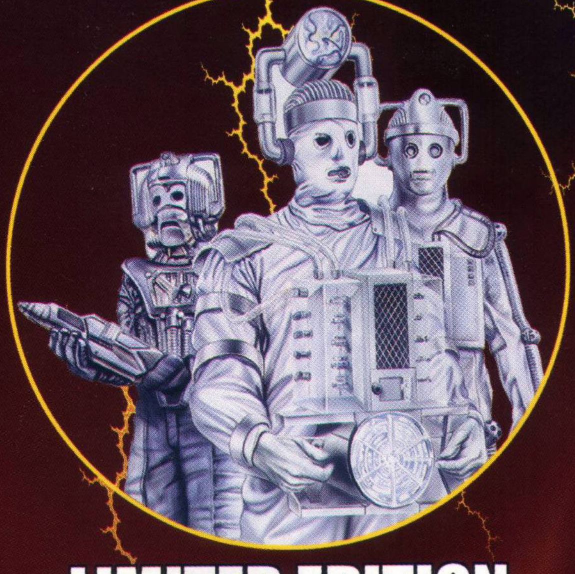

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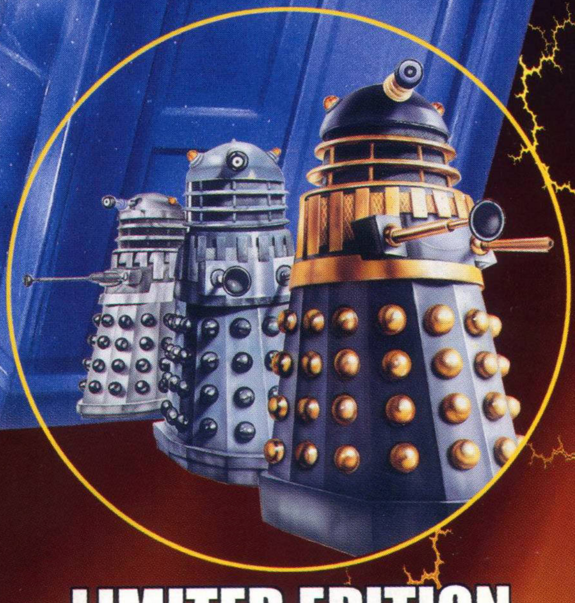

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